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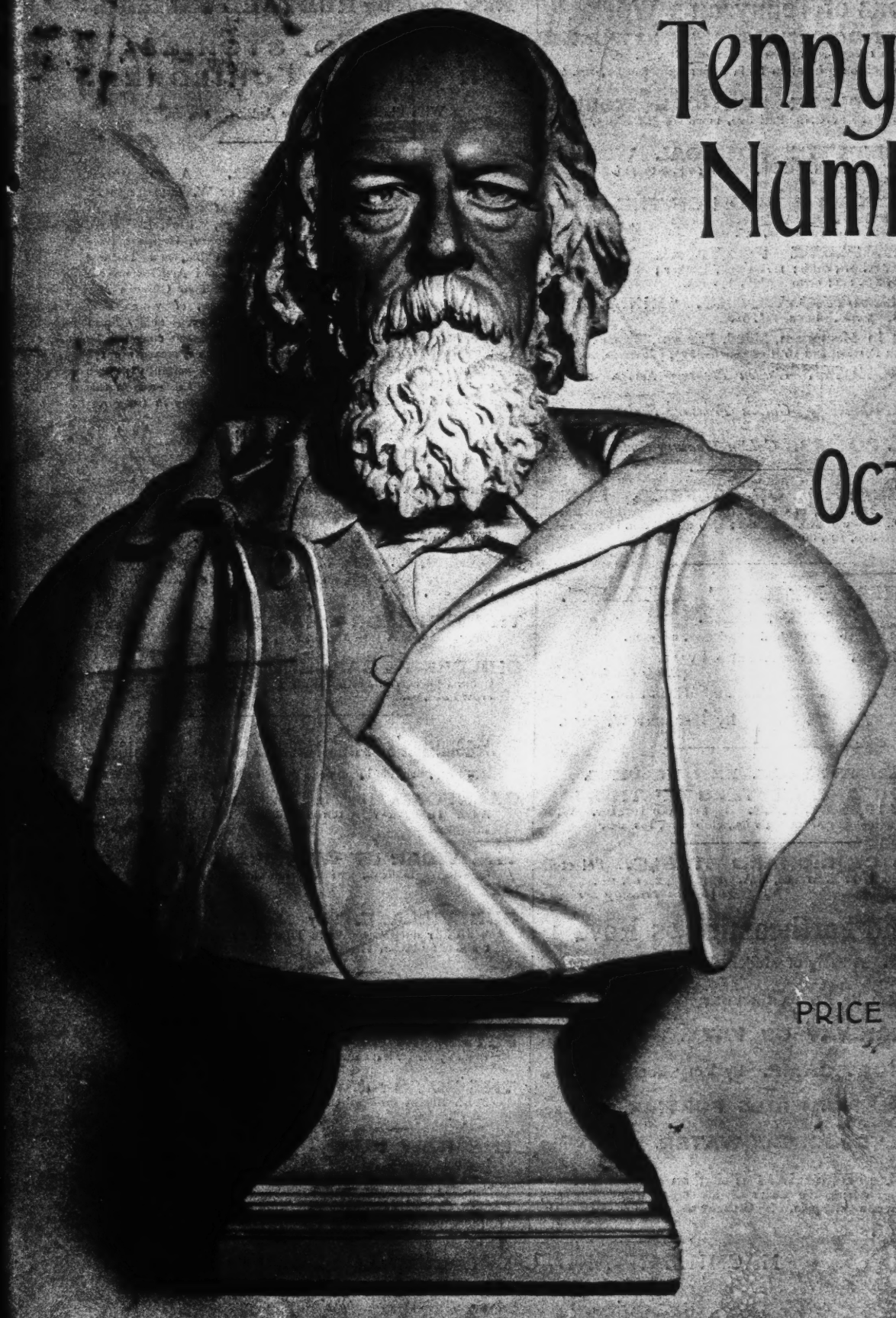

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No. 133. Vol. XXIII. OCTOBER, 1902. Price Sixpence.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

A new edition of "The Bookman" Directory of Booksellers, Publishers and Authors for 1903, will be published shortly. We shall be obliged if those who wish their names to appear in "The Bookman" Directory will send full particulars immediately to the Editor of "The Bookman" Directory, 27, Paternoster Row, London.

News Notes.

In presenting our readers with an unique collection of Tennyson pictures we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. Macmillan for their kindness and courtesy in permitting us to make use of "The Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson, and for the loan of several blocks from their editions of the poems; to Mr. Geo. G. Napier, M.A., for the loan of his book, "The Homes and Haunts of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," published by Messrs. J. Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow; to Mr. Wm. Heinemann for allowing us to include several pictures from "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," by Arthur Waugh; to Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. for the illustrations by Gustave Doré of "Idylls of the King"; to Messrs. Seeley and Co., Ltd., for permission to reproduce drawings by E. Hull from "The Laureate's Country," by A. J. Church; to Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd., for drawings by A. Garth Jones from "In Memoriam"; to Mr. John Murray for the bust of Arthur H. Hallam, by Chantrey, taken from Hallam's "Remains"; to Mr. Grant Richards for an illustration by E. J. Sullivan from "A Dream of Fair Women"; to the Rev. A. W. Workman, vicar of Grasby, for a photograph of Grasby Church; to the Rev. A. J. Skrimshire, Rector of Bag Enderby-cum-Somersby for information supplied; and to Mrs. Allingham for permission to reproduce her sketch of a glade at Farringford.

TENNYSON'S MOTHER.

"Locks not wide-dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."—"Isabel."

With the publication of "Aucassin and Nicolette," which Mr. Murray is to issue shortly, Mr. Laurence Housman definitely admits the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," and we may now, without breach of confidence, speak as to Mr. Housman's own attitude to the work in question. While maintaining that it is a faithful study of a certain type of feminine feeling (albeit entirely a work of fiction), the author does not himself regard the type as very admirable. His motive in writing was, we believe, to depict the wastage of force which modern love is apt to lead to, and the destruction of all the pleasures and uses of life on the altar of sentiment, and to do it without ridicule, in order that the pity of it might be made more apparent. The anonymity was not a commercial device of either author or publisher, and it was maintained in order that the book might be fairly judged from the point of view at which the author aimed. Mr. Housman is engaged on

a new novel, but it is not likely to be finished until next spring.

The interesting Napoleon manuscript, some extracts from which are appearing in the *Daily Mail*, is to be published in volume form both here and in America next spring. We understand that the MS. was shown to Lord Rosebery by Mr. Harmsworth before arrangements were made for its publication in the *Mail*.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

From the painting by Samuel Laurence.

"Very imperfect as Laurence's portrait is, it is nevertheless the *best* painted portrait I have seen; and certainly the *only* one of old days. 'Blubber-lipt' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is; but still the only one of old days, and still the best of all, to my thinking."—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

Rischgitz Collection.

On October 15th there will be started in this country with American capital, two book schemes, that have proved very successful in the United States. At the present time, the Book Lovers' Library has over forty branches in the United States for supplying literature to the subscribers. The idea of the library is, for a subscription, not yet determined upon, but which will be a fairly good round sum, to supply those readers who want really good high-class literary works to read, but who, under ordinary circumstances, would be unable to afford to purchase them. The proprietors of the Book Lovers' Library guarantee to supply members with any book that is on their list, providing it is not out of print, however great the run may be on any particular work. In some instances in the United States, 20,000 volumes of one popular novel had to be purchased in order to keep faith with the subscribers to the library. The subscription will probably entitle the subscriber to receive a dozen books at a time, delivered free to his residence, twenty times during the course of the year. These figures are only approximate, the exact numbers not having yet been fixed upon.

The Book Lovers' Library will only contain current literature. The selection will be made by the Literary Adviser to the Company, and all books of a questionable character will be kept out of the lists. Should it be found that there is a demand for any book not selected, it will be added to the list. No technical or high-priced art books will be supplied.

The other scheme that is going to be tried at the same time by the same company is to place a number of bookcases, holding from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty volumes, in high-class shops, such as stationers, druggists, drapers, etc., all over the United Kingdom. These bookcases will be under the care of the proprietor of the shop, who will have a considerable interest in the success of the venture. In order to become a member of this library, which will be known as the "Tabard Inn," a reader will pay a small sum, not yet determined upon, for a life membership card. With the card he will be entitled to select a volume. When he has read this volume, no matter in what part of the United Kingdom he may be, where the company has a bookcase, he will be enabled, on purchasing a ticket, the probable price of which will be twopence, to exchange the volume for any other that may be in the bookcase in the branch of the town in which he happens to be.

The promoters of the Book Lovers' Library here own that of course the schemes are quite an experiment in this country, but they believe what they have so carefully studied and found to be successful in the United States, in the course of time will be as successful here. The English company will be run by Englishmen, although, of course, in its initial stages it will have the superintendence of an American gentleman who has been connected with the Book Lovers' Library in the United States since its commencement. On the whole, the promoters of these two schemes are more than gratified with the manner in which they have been received, not only by the publishers, but also by the shopkeepers, who appear to be taking to the idea in a manner that speaks well for the success of the venture.

We hear that Mr. Robert Barr has recently again become the proprietor of *The Idler*, and that the first number of a new series to be edited by Mr. Barr will be published this month. We wish the periodical all success under the new management.

Mr. S. R. Crockett is writing, or, rather, has written, a new serial story, which will run through the *Windsor Magazine* during the new year. Mr. Crockett and his family are still holiday making in the North of France.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have in the press an Edition de Luxe of Fitzgerald's works in seven volumes. The edition for Great Britain will be limited to 500 sets, and the price will be 10s. net per volume. The volumes will be printed in handsome type by Messrs. R. and R. Clark, of Edinburgh, and the binding will be in a deep red satteen, with a handsome Persian full-gilt back, designed by Mr. A. A. Turbayne. The same publishers are also issuing an Edition de Luxe of Mr. Shorthouse's "John Inglesant." This will be in three volumes, and published at 25s. net. The number is limited to 500, and the first volume will contain a photogravure portrait of the author.

Mr. J. Holland Rose, whose recent "Life of Napoleon" has been so successful, is about to publish, through Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, a new edition of "Carlyle's French Revolution," to which he has written an introduction, notes and appendices. The work will be in three volumes, and will be uniform with Mr. Rose's "Life of Napoleon" lately mentioned.

Mrs. B. M. Croker has accepted an engagement to go to India for the great Durbar, in order to write a series of articles on and around that event. As her readers know, Mrs. Croker is an authority on India, whither she has gone for much of the material for her novels.

In spite of their Republican principles, the American newspapers take a keen interest in the doings of our Royal Family, and for the Coronation especially there was great competition among them. One New York journal cabled to Mr. Wells offering a ticket for the Abbey and a hundred and fifty guineas for a telegram of not more than two thousand words descriptive of the ceremony.

Mrs. Perrin, author of that very successful volume of Indian stories, "East of Suez," has nearly completed a new Anglo-Indian novel, which will be entitled, "The Stronger Claim." It will be published in the spring.

We are glad to hear that there is a brisk demand for Mr. Henry James's new novel, "The Wings of the Dove." It is the most popular book Mr. James has published for many years.

We understand that another American magazine is next year to try and establish a circulation in England. It will be interesting to watch the enterprise, as, save for the old-established exceptions, the English public has not taken to American magazines, even Mr. Munsey failing to win a footing here. It is true that several of our magazines fill a large part of their space with American matter, buying letterpress and illustrations at a cheap rate from New York; but this is done because stress of competition drives weak proprietors to economy, and we have good reason to believe that the effect on the circulation is not good.

Philip James Bailey, the venerable author of "Festus," died at his residence, 54, The Rope Walk, Nottingham, on Saturday, September 6th, after an illness of some months. Mr. Bailey was in his eighty-seventh year. Philip Bailey was born at Nottingham, in a house adjacent to the old Town Hall. His father, Thomas Bailey, was a man of wide and varied interests. He took an active part in local politics; he was proprietor for some years of the *Mercury*, the Conservative organ of the town; and he published a volume of poems, entitled "The Advent of Charity." It is to him that "Festus" is dedicated. Young Bailey was educated first at a dame school in Castle Gate. His first real teaching, however, was got from the Rev. Richard Cecil, co-pastor with the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, of St. James Street Independent Chapel. Mr. Cecil, by the way, had as another pupil, though not in Nottingham, David Livingstone, the great missionary. Afterwards Bailey was under the care of a Unitarian minister, the Rev. Benjamin Carpenter, and had as schoolfellow Robert Gregory, now Dean of St. Paul's. He was then sent to Glasgow University, where he had as a fellow-student Robert Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time." There was some thought of making him a Presbyterian minister, but the idea was abandoned, and in 1835 he became a member of Lincoln's

THE BROOK AT SOMERSBY.

"The brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland."
—"Ode to Memory."

From a photograph by Messrs. Carlton and Sons, Horncastle.

Inn. It was in 1836 that he began to write "Festus." He was then scarcely twenty. The house where he was born has disappeared, but Basford Hall, where "Festus" was written, still stands amid greatly altered

surroundings. At Glasgow Bailey was mainly interested in philosophy, and his studies are reflected in "Festus," which appeared in 1839. It was a marvellous production for a youth, and it gained great popularity at once. The eulogies of Tennyson, Bulwer Lytton, and others have often been noted. "Festus," it turned out, was the one work of the author's long life. Richard Hutton's couplet—

> "He sang himself hoarse to the stars very early,
> And cracked a weak voice to too lofty a tune,"

contained the accepted explanation of this. There can be no doubt that Bailey, after his first success, meditated an active literary career. In 1848, at the end of the third edition of "Festus," he announced that he was to publish a work called "Poetical Divinity, Ancient and Modern." This never appeared, but "The Angel World" in 1850, "The Mystic" in 1855, and "The Universal Hymn" in 1867 showed that he was active, though not to much purpose. These books were all condemned, but none of them so severely as "The Age of Satire," which appeared in 1858, and is best forgotten. Bailey set himself to the incorporation of his thoughts with "Festus," and every edition that appeared contained much new matter, till the work became at last one of immense size. In fact, Mr. Bailey made within the last few months considerable additions to the poem, with the object of leaving to posterity a final and authorised edition of his book. "My thoughts overwhelm me," he said in his last days to one of his friends. There can be no doubt that the book was altered for the worse, and the early editions remain the best.

Bailey's private life was not without its great calamities, but it presented little incident. He lived for about twelve years (1864—1876) in Jersey, afterwards in North Devon, then in Blackheath. His later years were for the most part passed in Nottingham. He was twice married, and had a son and daughter by his first wife, both of whom survive him. In 1901 he received from the University of Glasgow the degree of Doctor of Laws. A Nottingham correspondent writes: "It was no great throng that gathered at Bailey's funeral—the Chief Magistrate and some members of the Town Council, a few citizens, three or four ministers of the town, and a few curious onlookers." To the last, however, the poet renewed his circle of admirers, and his poem retains a strange vitality.

SOMERSBY RECTORY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Where Alfred Tennyson was born, on Sunday, August 6th, 1809.

"He always spoke of it with an affectionate remembrance; of the woodbine that climbed into the bay window of his nursery; of the Gothic vaulted dining-room with stained glass windows; . . . of the pleasant little drawing-room lined with book-shelves, and looking out on the lawn. This lawn was overshadowed on one side by wych-elms and on the other by larch and sycamore trees."—"Tennyson: A Memoir."

From a photograph by Messrs. Carlton and Sons, Horncastle.

Mr. Bailey's name was associated with the so-called Spasmodic School, but he disclaimed the association. Alexander Smith was no doubt much influenced by "Festus." Sydney Dobell, however, never read it, so far as we know. Whatever else may be said of Dobell as a poet, no one can deny that he is original. Mr. Bailey himself had no high opinion of Dobell and Smith, and it may be doubted whether he thought much more enthusiastically of either Browning or Tennyson, though he valued their praises. In a letter

addressed to THE BOOKMAN some years ago, he set forth his poetic principles in an interesting way. His was the life of the idealist, and it was a blameless and dignified life, and in its last years at least peaceful. It cannot be doubted that "Festus" has a permanent place in English literature.

We note that Mr. Richard Bagot's novel, "A Roman Mystery," has in several quarters been reviewed as a new novel. As a matter of fact, "A Roman Mystery" is the first novel which Mr. Bagot wrote. It was originally published some few years ago by Messrs. Digby, Long and Co., and the present issue, by Messrs. Methuen and Co., is merely a new and revised edition. Mr. Bagot's new novel will be published some time about the middle of this month by Mr. Edward Arnold. It is entitled "Donna Diana," and is a story of Roman life.

A new novel, entitled "The Maid at Arms," written by Mr. R. W. Chambers, the author of "Ashes of Empire," "Cardigan," and other well-known novels, will be published this month by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.

HORNCASTLE.
From a drawing by E. Hull.

The home of Emily Sellwood, afterwards Lady Tennyson.

"In the centre of the picturesque town of Horncastle stands a square red-brick mansion, which in the early part of the century was the home of Mr. Henry Sellwood. As Horncastle was the nearest market town to Somersby, and the young Sellwoods and Tennysons were of an age, a friendship naturally existed between the two families, which in after years ripened into a double relationship—the poet's elder brother, Charles, marrying the youngest and the poet himself the eldest daughter, Emily Sarah Sellwood."—"Homes and Haunts of Alfred, Lord Tennyson."

(Reproduced from "The Laureate's Country," by kind permission of Messrs. Seeley and Co., Ltd.)

A new novel, entitled "The Star Dreamer," written by Agnes and Egerton Castle, commences serial publication this week in *The Queen*.

Miss Dorothea Gerard's new novel, "The Eternal Woman," at present being published serially in the weekly edition of the *Times*, will be issued in book form in the early part of the new year by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

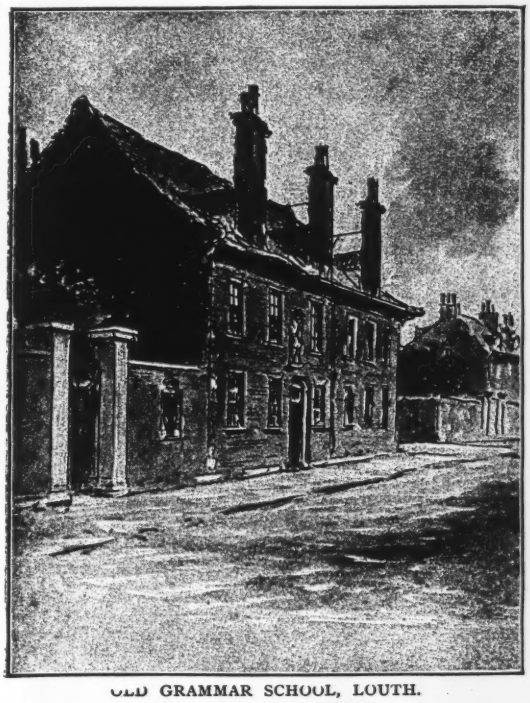
The popularity of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's new novel, "The Vultures," seems likely to rival, if not eclipse, that of his best known work, "The Sowers." Although the new book has only just been published, we understand that the sales already run far into five figures, and this exclusive of sales in America.

Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont is still in America superintending the production of one or more of his plays, but he now expects to be able to return home in November.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen, having only just returned from a lecturing tour in America, is now holiday making with his family in Malta.

The title of Mr. Rolf Boldrewood's new novel is "The Ghost Camp." It will be published at an early date by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., here, in America, and in the Colonies.

The death is announced of Dr. Edward Eggleston,



OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LOUTH.
From a drawing by E. Hull.

The original building, now no longer in existence, where Tennyson was sent to school at the age of seven.

"How I did hate that school! The only good I ever got from it was the memory of the words, 'Sonus desilientis aquæ,' and of an old wall covered with wild weeds opposite the school windows."—*Tennyson.*

(Reproduced from "The Laureate's Country," by kind permission of Messrs. Seeley and Co., Ltd.)

SOMERSBY CHURCH.

"All things here have rest; absolute stillness reigns. It is truly a country churchyard. . . . Under the shade of the rugged little church-tower sleeps the poet's father."—"Homes and Haunts of Alfred, Lord Tennyson."

From a photograph by Messrs. Carlton and Sons, Horncastle.

LOUTH.

Tennyson spent several years of his early boyhood at Louth, where he attended the Grammar School. His maternal grandmother lived at Westgate Place, and her house was a second home to the young Tennysons. It was here also that his first published poems saw the light.

(Reproduced from "The Laureate's Country," by kind permission of Messrs. Seeley and Co., Ltd.)

one of the best known of the older school of American novelists. His books, such as "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," and "The Graysons," are effective studies of pioneer life in the backwoods. In "The Graysons" one of the characters is Abraham Lincoln, as a struggling but keen and effective lawyer. Dr. Eggleston was a frequent contributor to *Scribner's Magazine* and *The Century*. When twenty years of age he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and afterwards took charge of a Congregational church in Brooklyn, but retired from church work in 1879 to devote himself entirely to literature.

Mr. George Allen is to issue next spring the first volume of "The Complete and Authorised Library Edition" of Ruskin's works, which will contain "Early Writings." The published price of this edition is to be one guinea net per volume. "Unto this Last," to be issued in October at two guineas, will be somewhat in the style of the Kelmscott editions, and is entirely independent of the Library edition.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash, who is well known in the literary and publishing world, is to begin as a publisher. He has taken 32, Bedford Street, and his first publication will be issued in January. Among the authors with whom he has made contracts are Mr. Percy White, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Thomas Cobb and Mrs. Hinkson. We wish Mr. Nash every success in his venture.

Mr. William Strong has just completed thirty etchings illustrating "Don Quixote." These will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. at £5 5s. net. The number will be limited to 250. It will be remembered that the same artist a short time ago published, through the same house, a series of illustrations from Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories, the whole edition of which was sold out some weeks before the day of publication.

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1838.
Engraved by G. J. Stodart.
From an early Daguerreotype.
(Reproduced from "Tennyson: a Memoir," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

Mr. Oliver Onions has completed a new volume, entitled "Yarnley Stories," which will be published by Mr. John Murray this autumn.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons have in the press an interesting book, illustrated in lithography, by Thomas R. Way. The title of the volume is, "The Ancient Halls of the City Guilds." It will be a demy-quarto, and will contain thirty illustrations. Mr. Phillip Norman, F.S.A., has written an account of the history of the companies whose halls are depicted in the volume. The edition is limited to 500 copies, which are offered to subscribers at 25s. net. On the day of publication the price will be raised to 31s. 6d. net.

Lady Dilke has just finished a new volume on "French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the Eighteenth Century." This volume makes the fourth, and completes Lady Dilke's comprehensive work on French art, the other three volumes already issued being on the French Painters, French Architects and Sculptors, and French Decoration and Furniture of the Eighteenth Century.

"How to Look at Pictures" is the title of a useful little work by Mr. Robert Clermont Witt, B.A., which Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons are about to publish. The author intends it for those who have no special knowledge of pictures and painting, but who are interested in them and find themselves from time to time in public and private galleries and exhibitions. The volume will contain nearly forty illustrations.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

August 20th to September 20th, 1902.

It would be hazardous to describe the state of trade during the past month as satisfactory, even for this period of the year. The fluctuations have been marked, but towards the end of the month a better tone was noticeable, and as we close this report the firmness is well maintained, with every indication of continuing. The chief difficulty, however, of the wholesale houses at the present time is one of storage for the continuous stream of bulky volumes of the various annuals which at this season are being turned out from the publishing centres.

The six-shilling novel has been pre-eminently the principal feature during the past few weeks, both with regard to the bulk of the sales and the extent of issue. Many of the leading authors are already represented by the works placed upon the market, and the sales in this class have been fairly heavy. "Temporal Power" has, of course, been the chief item, but after the first supply the sales dropped considerably, and up to the present the repeat orders do not compare favourably with those of the author's previous volume. Among the other issues of the month which have commanded a ready sale are "The Vultures," "A Son of Gad," "If I were King," "Highway of Fate," and "The River." Much expectation is being shown and orders are coming in freely for the forthcoming volume, "Fuel of Fire," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

"The Unspeakable Scot" is still the possessor of a vigorous circulation.

Although the public interest has centred chiefly in fiction, two works on sport and travel—notably Lord Ronaldshay's "Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky," and Sir H. Johnston's "The Uganda Protectorate"—have found many purchasers, whilst "Taylor on Golf" has also sold well.

Much attention having been called in various religious papers to Mr. McCarthy's "Priests and People in Ireland," the sales have been very large, both in this country and in the Emerald Isle.

The reopening of the schools has to a certain extent caused an increase in both the sales and output of scholastic publications with which the wholesale houses have to reckon, although under the present system the tendency is for the scholastic centres to approach the publishing houses direct.

Recent events have called especial attention to our national Valhalla, and "The Roll Call of Westminster Abbey," by Mrs. A. M. Smith (E. T. Bradley) has proved very popular.

The various volumes in the new issue of the English Men of Letters have sold freely throughout the month, the latest issue on "Ruskin" having been one of the most successful.

Doubtless there has never been a period at which the tastes of the youthful portion of the community were so thoroughly catered for as at the present, and among the many competitors for favour it is pleasing to note that many of the older favourites continue to hold a good share of popularity. It is somewhat early to chronicle the sales in this class, but such volumes as the "Boy's Own Annual" and the "Girl's Own Annual" have already been widely circulated.

The sales in cheaper fiction, such as sixpenny reprints, have materially lessened.

The following is a list of the best selling books during the month:—

Temporal Power. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Vultures. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
If I were King. By J. H. McCarthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)
A Son of Gad. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The River. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)
Highway of Fate. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (Richards.)
Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky. By Lord Ronaldshay. 21s. net. (W. Blackwood.)
The Uganda Protectorate. By Sir H. Johnston. 42s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Priests and People in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
Lives of Arnold, Hazlitt, and Ruskin (E. M. L.). Each 2s. (Macmillan.)
Scholastic Publications: Histories, Geographies, etc.
The Roll Call of Westminster Abbey. By E. T. Bradley. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Taylor on Golf. (Hutchinson.)
Our Country's Fishes. By W. J. Gordon. 6s. (Simpkin.)
Boy's Own and Girl's Own Annual. Each 8s. (R.T.S.)
Mrs. Wood's Novels. Each 2s. (Macmillan.)
Mitchell's Elementary Building. 3s. (Batsford.)
Being and Doing. 2s. 6d. net. (Howell.)

A few of the more popular Sixpenny Reprints, Magazines and Periodicals.

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
Aug. 23—A slack week.
,, 30—Still quiet, especially in Export.
Sept. 6—A slight improvement in the Home Trade.
,, 13—Continued improvement.
,, 20—A fair average week in all departments.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

August 20th to September 20th, 1902.

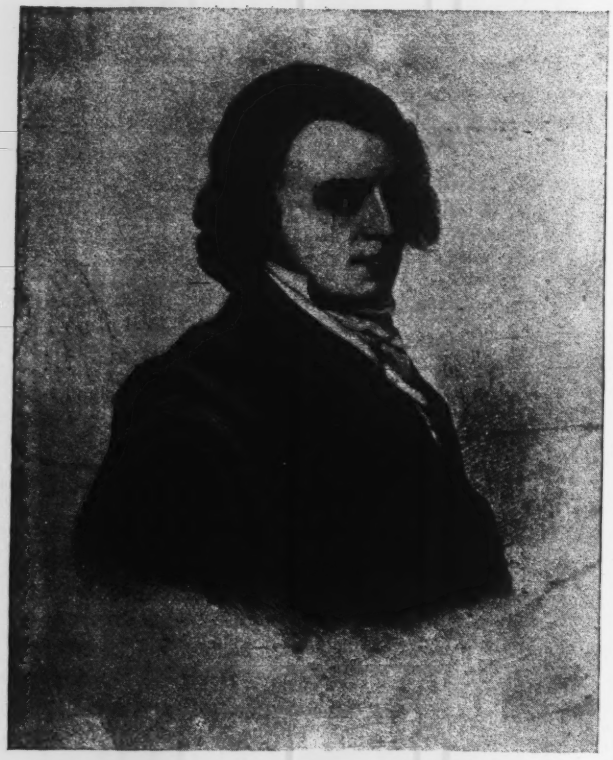
Owing mainly to the unpropitious weather experienced throughout the summer, the tourist season in Scotland on the whole was not a successful one. In the Highland districts visitors were not so numerous as usual, and, of course, this adversely affected the provincial book-selling trade.

A very brisk time, however, opened early in educational works, and the keen competition in production was more noticeable than ever.

Undoubtedly the interest of the month centred in the publication of Miss Corelli's "Temporal Power." Large orders were received, and special prominence was given to the work by the trade. Mr. Merriman's new novel, "The Vultures," had a popularity beyond the expectations of the trade, and Bram Stoker's romance of Cruden Bay continued to move off well.

Just as this report is being written Jerome's "Paul Kelver" has come to hand, and promises to maintain the popularity of the humorist by a hearty reception.

Owing to the lamented death of the gifted author of "The House with the Green Shutters," the demand for the book proved a considerable feature in the month's business.



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON.

"He is quite as glorious in his way as Browning in his, and perhaps of the two even the more impressive on the whole personally."—*D. G. Rossetti.*

Rischgitz Collection.

One of the most prominent books of the month was McCarthy's "Priests and People in Ireland," which sold very freely, mainly in Glasgow and the West.

The sales of Mr. Crosland's "Unspeakable Scot" were still considerable.

As usual at this season much attention was given to the publishers' autumn announcements. Not the least noteworthy were those of Miss Fowler's forthcoming work entitled "Fuel of Fire," and the sixpenny edition of Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Orders were readily taken for Weyman's "In Kings' Byways," a volume of short stories by that popular historical novelist.

A religious work which was much in demand was "Ourselves and the Universe," by J. Brierley, and the beautiful Christmas publications issued by Messrs. Tuck, Nister and Castell were already readily stocked.

There was no abatement in the issue of sixpenny editions of popular novels. There were, however, on all hands signs apparent that booksellers were becoming reluctant to stock any but those by the very best authors. Probably the best selling sixpennies were Boothby's "Cabinet Secret," Wood's "East Lynne," Watson's "Web of the Spider," Boothby's "Millionaire's Love Story" and "Mystery of Clasped Hands," and Donovan's "Eugene Vidocq."

As usual at this season there was a very large sale for magazines. The following were most successful:—"The Strand," "Pearson's," "Woman at Home," "Windsor," "Munsey," and "Harper," the two last named passing early out of print.

Our list of best selling books during this month is as follows:—

Temporal Power. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Vultures. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Mystery of the Sea. By Bram Stoker. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The House with the Green Shutters. By G. Douglas. 6s. (Macqueen.)
The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (Richards.)
Paul Kelver. By Jerome K. Jerome. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
A Bayard from Bengal. By F. Anstey. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
My Australian Girlhood. By Mrs. C. Praed. 16s. (Unwin.)
Priests and People in Ireland. By J. F. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Hodges.)
The Sea Lady. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Methuen.)
Ourselves and the Universe. By "J. B." 6s. (Clarke.)
Stronger than Love. By Mrs. Alexander. 6s. (Unwin.)
Son of Gad. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Honey. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Methuen.)
Virginians. By Owen Wister. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Turnpike House. By Fergus Hume. 6s. (Long.)
Sheepstealers. By Violet Jacob. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Prince of Good Fellows. By R. Barr. 6s. (Chatto.)
The House Under the Sea. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Newnes.)
The Highway of Fate. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

And the sixpenny editions mentioned in a former part of our report.

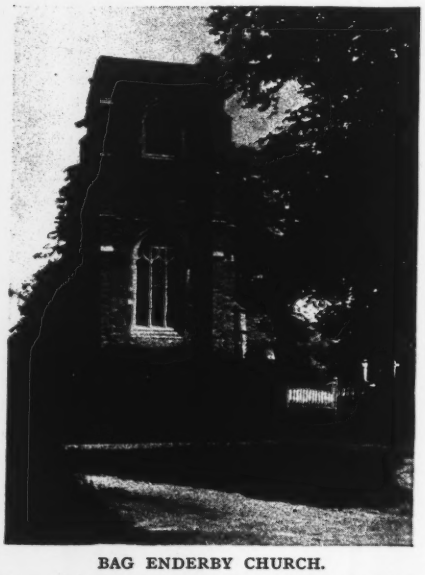
The Booksellers' Diary.

OCTOBER.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

October 6th.

WALKER, REV. W. L., M.A.—The Cross and the Kingdom, 9s. (T. and T. Clark)
BLAKE, REV. BUCHANAN, B.D.—Joseph and Moses, 4s. (T. and T. Clark)
BRIGHT, FLORENCE—A Girl Capitalist, 6s. ..... (Chatto)



BAG ENDERBY CHURCH.

"The livings at Somersby and Bag Enderby have always been held conjointly, service having been conducted in the morning at one church and in the afternoon at the other. The little high-built pulpit where Dr. Tennyson read his sermons and the great square squire's seat in which the poet sat and listened to them are quite unchanged."—"Homes and Haunts of Alfred, Lord Tennyson."

From a photograph by Messrs. Carlton and Sons, Horncastle.

BRYDEN, H. A.—An Exiled Scot (Cheap Edition), 3s. 6d. (Chatto)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—A Fight to a Finish (Cheap Edition), 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)
BRET HARTE.—A Protegée of Jack Hamlin (Cheap Edition), 2s. ..... (Chatto)
NESBIT, E.—Five Children and It, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
GUEST, LADY CHARLOTTE.—The Mabinogion, Vol. II., 1s. and 2s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

October 7th.

HOPE, ANTHONY.—The Intrusions of Peggy, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
JACBURNS, RAYMOND.—The New Pupil. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan)
SHARP, EVELYN.—The Other Boy. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan)
LYALL, SIR ALFRED.—Tennyson. English Men of Letters Series. 2s. net ..... (Macmillan)

October 8th.

"An M.D."—Every Woman Her Own Doctor, 2s. 6d. ... (Pearson)
HILL, HEADON.—Tracked Down, 6s. ..... (Pearson)
The Story of Mary MacLane ..... (Grant Richards)
HART, FRANK.—Dolly's Society Book, 3s. 6d....(Grant Richards)
NOYES, A.—Loom of Years, 5s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
APPLETON, HONOR C.—Bad Mrs. Ginger (Dumpy Book), 1s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)
WEST, CONSTANCE.—Aspirations, 3s. 6d. ... (Grant Richards)
BRADLEY, G. M., AND HAMISH, HENDRY.—Merry Mr. Punch (Larger Dumpy), 2s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)
SHIEL, M. P.—The Weird o' It, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)

October 9th.

WESTALL, WILLIAM.—The Sacred Crescents, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
VIZETELLY, ERNEST A.—The Lover's Progress (Cheap Edition), 3s. 6d ..... (Chatto)

October 10th.

OXENHAM, JOHN.—Under the Iron Flail, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—The Traitors, 6s....(Ward, Lock)
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.—The Vicar of Wakefield. Preface by Austin Dobson. Illustrated Pocket Classics. 2s. and 3s. net ..... (Macmillan)

October 11th.

DOYLE, SIR A. CONAN.—The Great Boer War (Revised and Completed Edition), 10s. 6d. ..... (Smith, Elder)

October 13th.

ALDEN, W. L.—Drewitt's Dream, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
CORNER, WILLIAM.—The Story of the 34th Co. Imperial Yeomanry, 21s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
O'GARA, A. P. A.—The Green Republic, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

October 14th.

GREEN, JOHN RICHARD.—Short History of the English People (Illustrated Edition), Vol. I., 7s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)

October 15th.

VILLIERS, FREDERIC.—Pictures of Many Wars, 6s....(Cassell)
FARROW, G. E.—In Search of the Wallypug, 5s. ..... (Pearson)
NEIL, C. LANG.—The Modern Conjurer, 6s. ..... (Pearson)
PETERS, DR. CARL.—The Eldorado of the Ancients, 21s. net. (Pearson)
LAMB, WILLIAM.—How and What to Dance, 1s. ..... (Pearson)
Smoke of Her Burning, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
REEVES, W. P.—State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand, 24s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
REED, EDWARD, K.C.B.—Poems, 5s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
YOSHIO, MARKINO.—Japanese Dumpy Book, 1s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
HUMPHREY, MRS.—Etiquette for Every Day, 5s. (Grant Richards)
Baron Munchausen (Children's Library), 2s. 6d....(Grant Richards)

October 16th.

MITCHELL, EDMUND.—The Belforts of Culben, 6s....(Chatto)
FORBES, HON. MRS.—Dumb (Cheap Edition), 3s. 6d....(Chatto)
THOMAS, BERTHA.—In a Cathedral City (Cheap Edition), 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)
WRIGHT, WALTER P.—Pictorial Practical Rose Growing, 1s. and 1s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)

October 17th.

WHITE, ROMA.—Backsheesh, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
AUTHOR OF "LADDIE."—Faithful, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL.—Our Village. Illustrated Pocket Classics. 2s. and 3s. net ..... (Macmillan)

October 20th.

CLARK, PROF. WILLIAM, LL.D.—Pascal and the Port Royalists: World's Epoch Makers, 3s. ..... (T. and T. Clark)
HALL, OWEN.—Hernando, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
DIEULAFOY, MARCEL AUGUSTE.—David the King, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
SYNGE, HAMILTON.—The Coming of Sonia, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

October 21st.

McCARTHY, JUSTIN.—The Reign of Queen Anne. 2 Vols. 24s. ..... (Chatto)

October 22nd.

HARDY, IZA DUFFUS....In the Springtime of Love. 6s. (Pearson)
NEISH, MRS.—How to Choose a Husband, 6s. ..... (Pearson)
MILLER, FREDERICK.—Pictures in the Wallace Collection, 10s. 6d. net and 21s. net ..... (Pearson)
MARCH, ELEANOR.—Little White Barbara (Dumpy Book), 1s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)
HATCH, BEATRICE.—Scenes from Cranford, 2s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
TARKINGTON, BOOTH.—Two Vanvevels, 6s....(Grant Richards)
DIXON, THOMAS.—The Leopard's Spots, 6s....(Grant Richards)
MARSHALL, ROBERT.—The Haunted Major. Illustrated by Harry Furniss. 2s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)
WALLER, A. R. (Translator).—The Plays of Molière. Vol. II., 3s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
DOUGLAS, ELIZABETH.—The Soup and Sauce Book, 2s. (Grant Richards)

October 23rd.

HINKSON, H. A.—Silk and Steel, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
WESTALL, WILLIAM.—A Red Bridal (Cheap Edition), 3s. 6d. (Chatto)

October 24th.

LEVETT-YEATS, S.—The Lord Protector, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
BROUGHTON, RHODA.—Lavinia, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
AUSTEN, JANE.—Pride and Prejudice (Illustrated Pocket Classics), 2s. and 3s. net ..... (Macmillan)
FARRAR, REV. IVOR G., M.A.—Some Fathers of the Reformation, 1s. 6d. ..... (Religious Tract Soc.)
EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—The Mistress of Lydgate Priory (New Edition), 2s. 6d. ..... (Religious Tract Soc.)

October 25th.

BACON, REV. J. M.—The Dominion of the Air, 6s. ..... (Cassell)

October 27th.

LE BLOND, MRS. AUBREY.—True Tales of Mountain Adventure, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
DETHRIDGE, OLIVIA.—Lucas Malet's Birthday Book, 4s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)

October 28th.

MASON, A. E. W.—The Four Feathers, 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)

October 29th.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN.—Tales of Mystery and Imagination. 1s. and 2s. ..... (Grant Richards)
White's Natural History of Selborne, 1s. and 2s....(Grant Richards)
MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT.—Norse Stories, 6s. (Grant Richards)
TAYLOR, H. C. CHATFIELD.—The Crimson Wing, 6s. (Grant Richards)
BEDFORD, R. S.—Folly's Quest, 5s. ..... (Grant Richards)
WATSON, E. H. LACON.—Hints to Young Authors, 2s. 6d. (Grant Richards)
JEPSON, EDGAR.—Sentimental Warrior, 6s. ... (Grant Richards)

October 30th.

ANTROBUS, C. L.—The Wine of Finvarra, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
WHISHAW, FRED.—A Forbidden Name (Cheap Edition), 3s. 6d. (Chatto)
HUME, FERGUS.—The Millionaire Mystery (Cheap Edition), 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)
BRET HARTE.—Colonel Starbottle's Client (Cheap Edition), 2s. (Chatto)

October 31st.

COLE, W. TIMOTHY.—Old English Masters: Wood Engravings. Notes by Mr. Cole, and Articles on the Artists by Prof. Van Dyke. £2 2s. net and £3 10s. ... (Macmillan)
BARRIE, J. M.—The Little White Bird, 6s. ....(Hodder)

November 1st.

SMITH, PROF. THOMAS, LL.D.—Euclid: His Life and System (World's Epoch Makers), 3s. ..... (T. and T. Clark)
BURTON, W.—English Porcelain, 30s. net ..... (Cassell)
KEARTON, R., F.Z.S. (Editor).—White's Natural History of Selborne, 6s. ..... (Cassell)

November 3rd.

The Encyclopædic Dictionary. Supplementary Volume. 7s. 6d. (Cassell)
GARDNER, ALICE.—The Conflict of Duties, 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
HORNIMAN, ROY.—The Living Buddha, 6s. ... (Fisher Unwin)

November 4th.

KELLY, R. TALBOT.—Egypt, Painted and Described, 20s. net (A. and C. Black)
BESANT, SIR WALTER.—London in the Eighteenth Century, 30s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
STRONG, VERY REV. DEAN.—Manual of Theology (Revised and Enlarged Edition), 4s. 6d. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
SPICER, MURIEL HANDLEY.—Toy Dogs: How to Breed and Rear Them, 2s. 6d. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
DOBSON, AUSTIN.—Richardson (English Men of Letters Series), 2s. net ..... (Macmillan)

The Reader.

TENNYSON.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT was merely the accident of his hour, the call of his age, which made Tennyson a philosophic poet. He was naturally not only a pure lover of beauty, but a pure lover of beauty in a much more peculiar and distinguished sense even than a man like Keats, or a man like Robert Bridges. He gave us scenes of Nature that cannot easily be surpassed, but he chose them like a landscape painter rather than like a religious poet. Above all, he exhibited his abstract love of the beautiful in one most personal and characteristic fact. He was never so successful or so triumphant as when he was describing not Nature, but art. He could describe a statue as Shelley could describe a cloud. He was at his very best in describing buildings, in their blending of aspiration and exactitude. He found to perfection the harmony between the rhythmic recurrences of poetry and the rhythmic recurrences of architecture. His description, for example, of the Palace of Art is a thing entirely victorious and unique. The whole edifice, as described, rises as lightly as a lyric, it is full of the surge of the hunger for beauty; and yet a man might almost build upon the description as upon the plans of an architect or the instructions of a speculative builder. Such a lover of beauty was Tennyson, a lover of beauty most especially where it is most to be found, in the works of man. He loved beauty in its completeness, as we find it in art, not in its more glorious incompleteness as we find it in Nature. There is, perhaps, more loveliness in Nature than in art, but there are not so many lovely things. The loveliness is broken to pieces and scattered: the almond tree in blossom will have a mob of nameless insects at its root, and the most perfect cell in the great forest-house is likely enough to smell like a sewer. Tennyson loved beauty more in its collected form in art, poetry, and sculpture; like his own "Lady of Shalott," it was his office to look rather at the mirror than at the object. He was an artist, as it were, at two removes: he was a splendid imitator of the splendid imitations. It is true that his natural history was exquisitely exact, but natural history and natural religion are things that can be, under certain circumstances, more unnatural than anything in the world. In reading Tennyson's natural descriptions we never seem to be in physical contact with the earth. We learn nothing of the coarse good-temper and rank energy of life. We see the whole scene accurately, but we see it through glass. In Tennyson's works we see Nature indeed, and hear Nature, but we do not smell it.

LADY TENNYSON.

From the portrait at Aldworth by G. F. Watts, R.A.

"It was she who became my father's adviser in literary matters. 'I am proud of her intellect,' he wrote. . . She, with her 'tender, spiritual nature,' and instinctive nobility of thought, was always by his side, a ready, cheerful, courageous, wise and sympathetic counsellor. By her quiet sense of humour, by her selfless devotion, by 'her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue Heaven,' she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and of his sorrow."—"Tennyson: A Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

But this poet of beauty and a certain magnificent idleness lived at a time when all men had to wrestle and decide. It is not easy for any person who lives in our time, when the dust has settled and the spiritual perspective has been restored, to realise what the entrance of the idea of evolution meant for the men of those days. To us it is a discovery of another link in a chain which, however far we follow it, still stretches back into a divine mystery. To many of the men of that time it would appear from their writings that it was the heart-breaking and desolating discovery of the end and origin of the chain. To them had happened the most black and hopeless catastrophe conceivable to human nature; they had found a logical explanation of all things. To them it seemed that an Ape had suddenly risen to gigantic stature and destroyed the seven heavens. It is difficult, no doubt, for us in somewhat subtler days to understand how anybody could suppose that the origin of species had anything to do with the origin of being. To us it appears that to tell a man who asks who made his mind that evolution made it, is like telling a man who asks who rolled a cab-wheel over his leg that revolution rolled it. To state the process is scarcely to state the agent. But the position of those who regarded the opening of the "Descent of Man" as the opening of one of the seals of the last days, is a great deal sounder than people have generally

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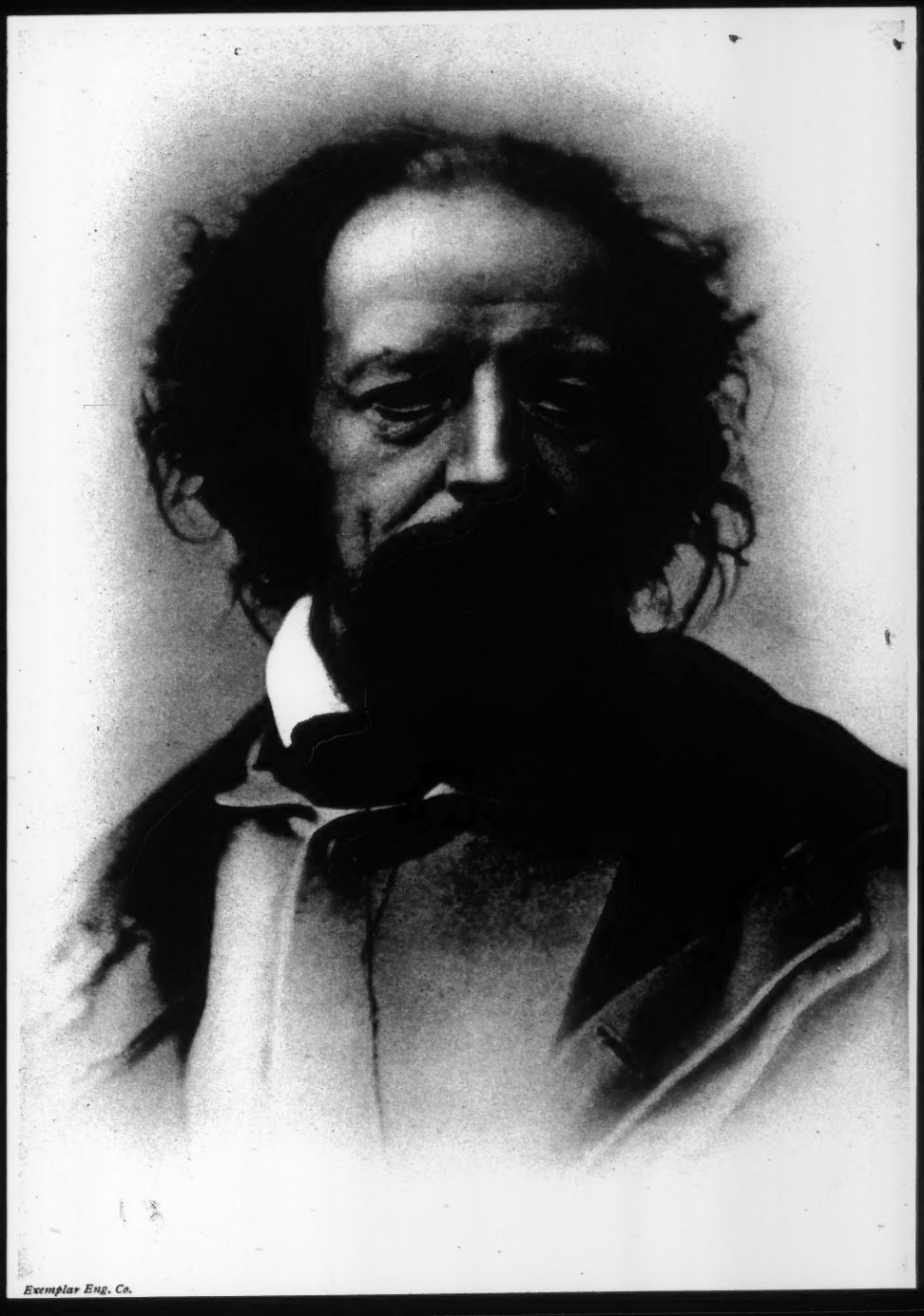

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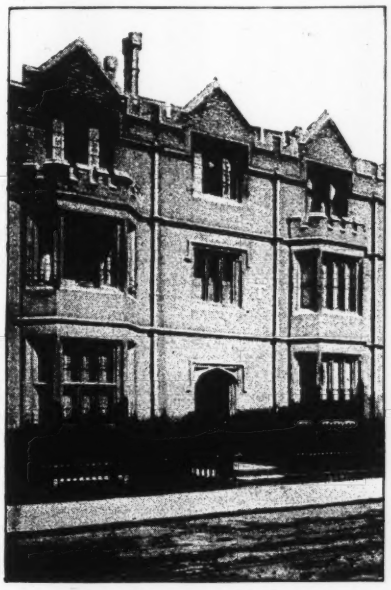


TENNYSON'S ROOMS, CORPUS BUILDINGS, CAMBRIDGE.

"It was at Trinity College, Cambridge, that Tennyson and Hallam first met each other, both having matriculated there in the autumn of 1828. . . . Unlike Hallam, the poet did not reside within the precincts of the college, but had his rooms first in the Rose Crescent and afterwards at No. 55, Corpus Buildings, the last house in a terrace so called from its proximity to 'Corpus Christi College."—"Homes and Haunts of Alfred, Lord Tennyson."

(Reproduced from "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

allowed. It has been constantly supposed that they were angry with Darwinism because it appeared to do something or other to the book of Genesis; but this was a pretext or a fancy. They fundamentally rebelled against Darwinism, not because they had a fear that it would affect Scripture, but because they had a fear, not altogether unreasonable or ill-founded, that it would affect morality. Man had been engaged, through innumerable ages, in a struggle with sin. The evil within him was as strong as he could cope with — it was as powerful as a cannonade and as enchanting as a song. But in this struggle he had always had nature on his side. He might be polluted and agonised, but the flowers were innocent and the hills were strong. All the armoury of life, the spears of the pinewood and the batteries of the lightning went into battle beside him. Tennyson lived in the hour when, to all mortal appearance, the whole of the physical world deserted to the devil. The universe, governed by violence and death, left man to fight alone, with a handful of myths and memories. Men had now to wander in polluted fields and lift up their eyes to abominable hills. They had to arm themselves against the cruelty of flowers and the crimes of the grass. The first honour, surely, is to those who did not faint in the face of that confounding cosmic betrayal; to those who sought and found a new vantage ground for the army of Virtue. Of these was Tennyson, and it is surely the more to his honour, since he was the idle lover of beauty who has been portrayed. He felt that the time called him to be an interpreter. Perhaps he might even have been something more of a poet if he had not sought to be something more than a poet. He might have written a more perfect Arthurian epic if his heart had been as much buried in prehistoric sepulchres as the heart of Mr. W. B. Yeats. He might have made more of such poems as "The Golden Year" if his mind had been as clean of metaphysics and as full of a poetic rusticity as the mind of William Morris. He might have been a greater poet if he had been less a man of his dubious and rambling age. But there are some things that are greater than greatness; there are some things that no man with blood in his body would sell for the throne of Dante, and one of them is to fire the feeblest shot in a war that really awaits decision, or carry the meanest musket in an army that is really marching by. Tennyson may even have forfeited immortality: but he and the men of his age were more than immortal; they were alive.

Tennyson had not a special talent for being a philosophic poet, but he had a special vocation for being a philosophic poet. This may seem a contradiction, but it is only because all the Latin or Greek words we use tend endlessly to lose their meaning. A vocation is supposed to mean merely a taste or faculty, just as economy is held to mean merely the act of saving. Economy means the management of a house or community. If a man starves his best horse, or causes his best workman to strike for more pay, he is not merely unwise, he is uneconomical. So it is with a vocation. If this country were suddenly invaded by some huge alien and conquering population, we should all be called to become soldiers. We should not think in that time that we were sacrificing our unfinished work on Cattle-Feeding or our hobby of fretwork, our brilliant career at the bar, or our taste for painting in water-colours. We should all have a call to arms. We should, however, by no means agree that we all had a vocation for arms. Yet a vocation is only the Latin for a call.

In a celebrated passage in "Maud," Tennyson praised the moral effects of war, and declared that some great conflict might call out the greatness even of the pacific swindlers and sweaters whom he saw around him in the Commercial age. He dreamed, he said, that if—

. . . "The battle-bolt sang
from the three-decker
out on the foam,
"Many a smooth-faced,
snub-nosed rogue
would leap from his
counter or till,
"And strike, were it but
with his cheating
yard-wand, home."

Tennyson lived in the time of a conflict more crucial and frightful than any European struggle, the conflict between the apparent artificiality of morals and the apparent immorality of science. A ship more symbolic and menacing than any foreign three-decker hove in sight in that time—the great, gory pirate-ship of Nature, challenging all the civilisations of the world. And his supreme honour is this, that he behaved like his own imaginary snub-nosed

IN MEMORIAM.

From a drawing by A. Garth Jones.

"Who ploughs with pain his native lea,
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands;
'Does my old friend remember me?'"

(Reproduced from the Caxton Series Edition of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

rogue. His honour is that in that hour he despised the flowers and embroideries of Keats as the counter-jumper might despise his tapes and cottons. He was by nature a hedonistic and pastoral poet, but he leapt from his poetic counter and till and struck, were it but with his gimcrack mandolin, home.

Tennyson's influence on poetry may, for a time, be modified. This is the fate of every man who throws himself into his own age, catches the echo of its temporary phrases, is kept busy in battling with its temporary delusions. There are many men whom history has for a time forgotten to whom it owes more than it could count. But if Tennyson is extinguished it will be with the most glorious extinction. There are two ways in which a man may vanish—through being thoroughly conquered or through being thoroughly the Conqueror. In the main the great Broad Church philosophy which Tennyson uttered has been adopted by everyone. This will make against his fame. For a man may vanish as Chaos vanished in the face of creation, or he may vanish as God vanished in filling all things with that created life.

GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN.

REMINISCENCES OF A FRIENDSHIP, AND A NOTABLE NOVEL.

By ANDREW MELROSE.

I HAVE no means of fixing definitely the date of my first meeting with George Douglas Brown. Probably it was in the late summer of 1898. Although I do not remember the date of our first meeting, I have very vivid recollection of the meeting itself, brought about by my friend, Howard Spicer. Mr. Spicer, who was at the time editing *Sandow's Magazine*, said that he wanted me to meet a new man he had got hold of, who was, he thought, worth knowing. And it was at the office of *Sandow's Magazine*, in Arundel Street, that I first met Brown. What impressed me most about him was his intense seriousness, and a certain deprecatory manner in giving his opinions on literary matters. I never knew Brown as anything else but a serious man, although we had many happy days and royal nights together; but I speedily got to know that he did not hold his opinions in a deprecatory fashion. The manner I have indicated sprang from a kind of shyness, a reluctance to make himself fully known until he was sure of perfect sympathy. Once assured of this, no man could lay down the law with more royal arrogance. It was one of the delights of our subsequent relations that we both exercised the right of stating our opinions as if they were ultimate; and it was all the better fun when it happened, as it often did, that we took, or pretended to take, diametrically opposite views. I had a feeling in those days that Brown was a lonely man. In the course of conversation the names of various men, journalists and others, cropped up, as indicating that he had a fair number of friends. Only one man, however, did he speak of with the kind of familiarity which indicates intimacy. With Mr. Montagu Emanuel, an old Baliol friend, he had constant and close relations, and at his home he was on a footing of familiar friendship. I always thought of Brown as a man who had many friends, but no real intimates, and he was the kind of man for whose true development an intimate is essential. The view I have stated was confirmed by his remarking not once, but many times in the course of our friendship, that he had revealed himself to me more than to any other man he had ever known.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

From the portrait in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset painted by G. F. Watts, R.A., in 1859.

"There is a mystery about it, a certain dreaminess which suggests the poetic glamour of moonlight."—Theodore Watts-Dunton in the *Magazine of Art.*

Rischgitz Collection.

It was not his modesty, however, although that was delightful, nor his seriousness, which was unusual, that drew me to him. It was his intense interest in literature. One meets with many men engaged in journalism, and respectable enough as authors, who are conventionally interested in literature as "shop"; but, so far as my own experience goes, it is a rare thing to meet a man who translates all life into literature, and who can, therefore, talk of the subject at all times with freshness and without repeating himself, and with the enthusiasm which indicates a man possessed by his subject. Such a man was G. D. Brown, and therefore the days and nights which we spent together are among the most vivid of my recollections, as they were among the most enjoyable experiences of my life. The biggest bout of talking we ever had was three years ago, when we spent a fortnight's holiday together, and talked literature practically all the time every day, and half of every night. I hardly need to explain that our conversation was not mainly, or in any great part, of published books, new or old, but was chiefly concerned with potential literature; the kind of books that should be written; the fundamental principles which must underlie all worthy books; the pure aim and unworldly purpose which should inform them. As a matter of fact, although Brown, as a reviewer of books and a publisher's reader, read as much, and probably more, modern literature than I, he had

SHIPLAKE RECTORY.

Tennyson was a frequent guest at Shiplake Rectory, and at the time of his marriage was staying with his intimate friend, the Rev. Robert Rawnsley, who officiated at the wedding ceremony. It was here the poet wrote the beautiful ode of "In Memoriam," beginning "Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun."

(Reproduced from "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

very little to say at any time about new writers; and his reading of the older authors had by no means been extensive. It was amazing, for instance, to find that Carlyle was practically unknown to him. Emerson he had never read until we read a volume of the essays together on a holiday; he declared that he had never realised the beauty of Tennyson until I read "Maud" to him, and only the day before he died he was looking for the first time at "Mosses From an Old Manse," and saying he must read Hawthorne. He said, and I have no doubt it was true, that the majority of books had so little to give him that he did not find it worth his while to read them. If a man can write essential stuff himself, why should he put off his time reading the platitudes of the average book? was a favourite question with him. And no man ever felt surer that he had something essential to say in books than George Douglas Brown. "The damning fault in most of the books I read," he once wrote to me, "is that nothing in them seems to leap at you from out the pages. They are talky-talky-vapid. There is an article in —— in which a man has talked round about his subject for nine aimless pages. Now, easy and sleepy writing may have a charm in a very few places, but most books, and certainly all books of the kind we want, should be pregnant and packed." This gives the key to his own position as a novelist. He was a realist not because he loved sordid details, and the limning of ugly subjects, but because he would have his characters so true to life that they would "leap at you from out the page." And he sacrificed the pleasure of indulging in descriptive writing, for which he had unusual qualification, because he wanted to have every phrase essential to the story, to make every word bite in its meaning. Although he did not seek for the significant among modern books, he was greatly pleased when he came across them, and occasionally when he came to my home he made a find which rejoiced him. Two books which I introduced to his notice he thought tremendously good, Miss Guiney's "Patrins" and Professor Raleigh's "Style." He made the acquaintance of these books on two separate occasions. On each occasion he took a volume to read after we had parted in the small hours of the morning, and next morning at breakfast he was full of the subject. When he left my home he carried off the books, and absolutely refused to give them back!

How well Brown lived up to his ideals, and with what tremendous force he could actualise them, I realised for the first time when I heard him read the original MS. of the first and last work associated with his name. "The House with the Green Shutters" was at that time a finished story of 20,000 words, so packed that it gave the feeling of excessive strain. The memory of that reading comes vividly back to my mind. In a half furnished cottage down in Surrey, belonging to Howard Spicer, three of us were squatting on the floor on rugs for lack of chairs. For a whole afternoon two of us smoked in silence while Brown read his famous story. He knew us fairly well by this time, but not familiarly enough to enable him to read his own work without diffidence; and I remember what a great nervous strain it was upon him. The interest of the story was so painfully absorbing that even in the intervals, when the reader paused to rest, we had no mind to criticise, but in the grip of its impending tragedy smoked vigorously in silence. When it was finished, the cumulative effect was tremendous. The story had many and obvious defects, and these were noted by us with frank criticism; but from that time I never doubted that if Brown got his chance he would make a distinctive place for himself in literature. As a result of our criticism he agreed not to place it as a short story, but to extend it to a full-length novel. He was pleased by our appreciation, which was, he said, the first he had received, and he made me promise to read the extended MS., and make suggestions. Later on he was not so humble about his book, and a year after, when I made some criticism upon it, I saw that he had got the bit between his teeth, as it were, and was not disposed to take criticism readily. He professed to see its faults; he admitted that it went, in some particulars, right in the face of artistic principles which he was constantly

SHIPLAKE CHURCH.

Where Tennyson was married on June 13th, 1850.

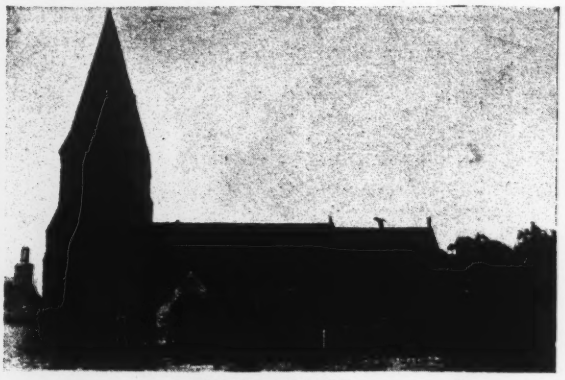
"This is Shiplake Church, famed far and near for its magnificent oak carving, and the rich painted glass of its windows, collected, long before such adornments were fashionable, by the fine taste of the late vicar, and therefore filled with the very choicest specimens of mediæval art. In this church Alfred Tennyson was married."—*Miss Mitford.*

(Reproduced from "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

CHAPEL HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.
Tennyson's first home after his marriage.

"Chapel House, Twickenham, was the home Tennyson brought his bride to, and where he spent the first three years of his married life. Time has allowed creepers to cover the walls, but the original character of the house remains unchanged."—"Homes and Haunts of Alfred, Lord Tennyson."

Rischgitz Collection.



GRASBY CHURCH.
Charles Tennyson, brother of the Laureate, and joint author of "Poems by Two Brothers," was for many years the vicar of Grasby. He succeeded to the estate and living in 1835, taking the surname of Turner under his great-uncle's will. At his own expense he built the vicarage, the church, and the schools. On his death in 1879 Grasby descended to the Laureate.
From a photograph in the possession of the Rev. A. W. Workman, Vicar of Grasby.

laying down. "I believe you are right, M——; but I have a feeling now that this book has got to go *as it is*." Humorously threatening to have my revenge in a review, I accepted his mood, and, at subsequent readings, rarely offered any comment saving this: "If the book goes, and it cannot quite fail, it will be in spite of its defects." That it would have a literary success, we never for a moment doubted; but I must frankly own that we were not prepared for the *popular* success which it achieved here and in America.

It has been stated in a Scottish weekly, by a well-known novelist, who met Brown once, that he did not greatly value his book, and was a little surprised at its success. I have shown that the former statement is very far wide of the facts; that he valued it so highly that he would practically admit no criticism of it. A still more striking proof of his opinion of his work was his remark, "I know it sounds arrogant, but I have a feeling that it does not greatly matter who publishes my book, it is bound to go." When "The House with the Green Shutters" was accepted by an American house on the recommendation of the well-known critic, Mr. Charles Whibley, he was, however, frankly pleased; and there was a sly dig at me in the letter which announced the news: "McClure told me Whibley's report was commendatory throughout," but he adds naively, "I tell you this because you will be even more pleased than I am." On its publication he sent me a copy with this note:—

"Herewith a copy of the immortal Work. Disembowel it, or laud it to the skies as seemeth good to thy soul. I enclose also half a dozen advertisement cards, which you can forward to your friends, an' it please you. All you have to do is to write opposite the work, 'A boned book, by a pal of mine. A.M.'

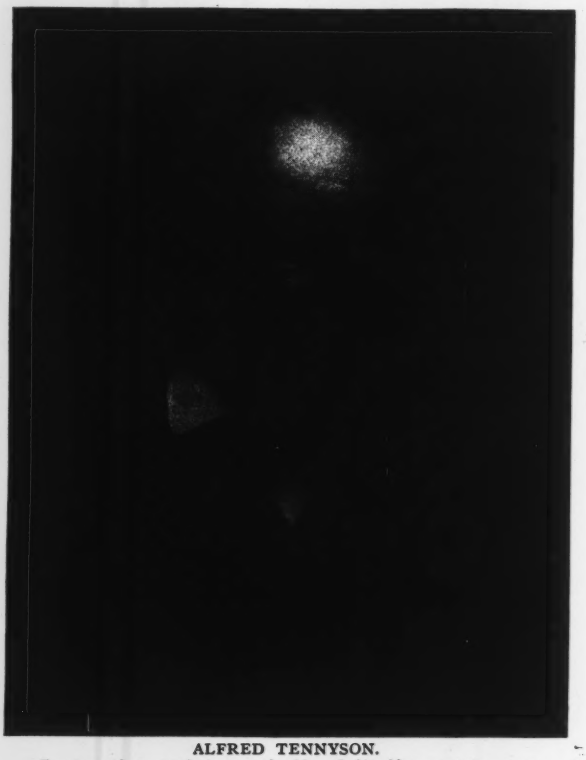
"Thine,

"THE PADDY."

Yet the novelist aforementioned says he was annoyed at the efforts of one or two "ill-advised friends" to make it go.

As to its success, Brown's expectations were large. He believed it might run to 20,000 copies, and before he died there was a feeling with him, that, given certain conditions, it ought to have done so. Surprised at the success which it had, he certainly was not. It is a fact though, that he spoke gratefully of the kind reception it got from the Press. There were exceptions, however. "Rather idiotic review in the *Scotsman*, but they put it first in their list of fiction, and rate it disagreeably powerful. Goodish review in *Glasgow Herald*, 'True to the verge of being merciless . . . if we smile it is at the cruel point of some stinging jest . . . . shows with a vengeance, too, the reverse of the Drumtochty Shield . . . overdrawn but grimly true, and full of promise.'" These and other excerpts from reviews which he sent me from time to time, showed how keenly he followed the progress of his book. "So far," he writes again, "nobody but the *Glasgow Herald* man has seen that I'm showing up the Scot malignant—which you and I thought in a way the *raison d'être* of the book. *Scotsman* fellow says 'it's brutally coarse.' Coarse!"

During the first few weeks



ALFRED TENNYSON.
From a photograph in 1867 by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron.
"Alfred is one of the few British and foreign figures (a not increasing number, I think) who are and remain beautiful to me, a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, 'Brother!'" . . . .—*Carlyle*, Letter to Emerson.
(Reproduced by permission of Mr. J. Cashall Smith.)

THE BODY OF ELAINE ON ITS WAY TO KING ARTHUR'S PALACE.

From a drawing by Gustave Doré.

"And the dead,
Steer'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter. . .
Slowly past the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night."

—"Elaine."

(Reproduced from "Illustrations to Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,'" by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.)

of its publication Brown was indeed very anxious about its fate. Various circumstances had conspired to delay its appearance in England; and the fact that for a while it excited no particular attention, made him fear it was going to be swamped in the flood of Christmas publications. During these weeks there were few days in which Brown did not come to see us. We knew what he came for, and gave him every comfort in the way of "signs" of success which we could gather. But we began to fear that we were going to be disappointed in our hopes. Several extended and good notices had appeared in England—notably one, I think in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which greatly pleased Brown; but it was not until it was noticed by Mr. Andrew Lang in *Longman's Magazine* that the tide began to flow unmistakably in its favour. Equally favourable notices in the *Times*, in the *Morning Post*, and in the *Monthly Review*—one of them at least, perhaps all, from the same hand—set the fashion; after this, reviews were numerous, and each more favourable than the other. In a few weeks "The House with the Green Shutters" was in everybody's mouth, and its author was the most talked of man in literary circles in London.

Of the book itself it is not necessary for me to speak critically. I had my chance of a review, and I did not "disembowel it"; for it was in the early days, when its fate seemed uncertain, and this was not the function of a friend. I did not ignore its defects, but found it on a final reading as I had found it at the beginning—the most significant and powerful novel I had read for a decade at least.

I have thought it necessary to say so much about the origin and progress of Brown's book because of the place which the novel has achieved in contemporary literature. But during the early years of my friendship, I had no thought of him becoming a famous author; and our friendship was that of two men who had a great deal in common, whose intimate friendships were few, and whose view of life was practically identical. Circumstances ripened our friendship quickly, and a closer friendship, on certain sides, than ours became, is to me inconceivable. As an outcome of many conversations upon the essential in literature, there was formed a

ARTHUR H. HALLAM.
From the bust by Chantrey.
"He would have been known, if he had lived, as a great man, but not as a great poet; he was as near perfection as mortal man could be."—*Tennyson.*
(Reproduced from Hallam's "Remains," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

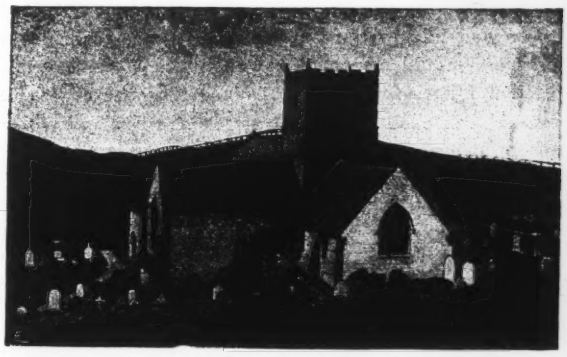
partnership of three for literary purposes, the third partner being Howard Spicer. The literary purpose took shape in a kind of authors' advisory agency, for encouraging the writers of what we termed essential stuff. There was, of course, a room in Fleet Street, where all three met after six o'clock at night for conversation and the airing of projects. It was a small room on the roof, furnished modestly but sufficient for comfort; and it had a glorious view across to the Surrey Hills. Brown, as being the only one of us whose time was his own, was appointed "Manager" and Correspondent for the "Triumvirate," as we gravely designated the partnership. To me the scheme was more or less a joke—albeit one in which I saw possibilities serious enough for Brown—but we went about it as if we were hoping to make fame and fortune out of it. We had advertisements in literary papers, inviting MSS., which were to be considered and criticised for a ridiculously small fee. For some months Brown played the rôle of manager and correspondent sedulously enough; but the poor quality of the MSS. which came in was disappointing, and the task of reading and criticising stuff that had no place but the W.P.B. soon irritated him, and, as a literary agency, the venture was an inglorious failure.

The room was kept on for two years, however, as a meeting-place, and many a good time we had in it. Occasionally, but not often, we introduced a friend, and on such occasions, I feel confident, the visitor left us utterly mystified as to the purpose of the partnership, and with vague doubts of our sanity. We had an idea of publishing, too, and our immortal work was to be "The House with the Green Shutters," a book which was at once to bring grist to the "Triumvirate," and to be an indication of the kind of stuff that we were prepared to run. Brown would have kept to his bargain, but I persuaded him against it, as I knew that the immediate success of his novel would be hindered by the imprint of a new publishing house.

But if the commercial side of the partnership was a joke, the "Triumvirate" as a friendship was not. Brown himself took it as seriously as any of us. We had a little tiff one day before an outsider, which drew a letter from me and a long reply from him, in which he said: "I agree with all you say about the Triumvirate speaking with one voice and as one man against all outsiders, *even if these outsiders be personal friends* of one or other member of the Triumvirate." This was the basis of our partnership. United in sympathies and in fundamental ideas of literature, we three were to be as one man. The partnership had never a break until death came.

Early in our friendship, Brown was introduced to my home, and, fortunately for our personal relations, he was liked so well there that it was a red letter night when he came. He often came; he never announced his coming: he came when the mood struck him; as he was a Bohemian, he never made any preparations for stopping. Yet he always remained overnight, and sometimes his visit ran into weeks. He liked being able to visit in this informal fashion, and he was never an unwelcome guest. On one occasion his unexpected arrival landed him in a ludicrous position. My family were from home, and I had not seen Brown for some days. One Saturday night he had taken it into his head to stop with me, and at about ten o'clock at night he turned up at the house, only to find me out. He had put on a frock coat and top hat, intending to go to church with me the next day; but this amiable desire to make himself respectable proved his undoing, for the caretaker, who had seen him a week before in a lounge suit and straw hat, did not recognise him in his finery, and refused to allow him to enter. Expostulation was in vain: the man was firm in refusing an entrance. Finally, he agreed to let him in to wait my home-coming on condition that he—the man—sat in the same room with him. And in my den Brown remained practically in custody for two hours. He told me afterwards that he was seriously discomposed at the position, for he had come without money, and would have needed to walk back to town if I had not turned up. I need not say that Brown bore no grudge against the man who had done his duty not wisely but too well.

As a talker, Brown was the most vital of any man I ever met. He had great silences, but during these periods he remained by himself. He came to us when he wanted to talk, and he found us always ready. His conversation was like his writing—keen, incisive, and significant. I never knew a man talk *better* in the sense that his sentences were perfectly formed, although there was not the slightest preparation. Like many another man, his best talk was after twelve o'clock at night. Probably we never went to bed before half-past one, and often it was two and three o'clock when we turned in. When all other subjects had been exhausted, there still remained Shakespeare. And on Shakespeare my friend could talk without ceasing. He had a magnificent verbal memory, and was never at a loss to illustrate his conversations by long quotations from the author of whom he was speaking. In talking Shakespeare this faculty stood him in good stead. His exposition of Hamlet, which

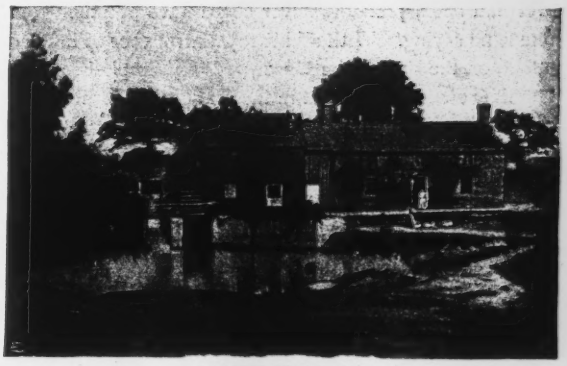


CLEVEDON CHURCH.

The old and lonely church, beside the sea, where the remains of Arthur Hallam were finally laid to rest on January 3rd, 1834.

"When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west
There comes a glory on the walls."—"In Memoriam."

(Reproduced from "The Homes and Haunts of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," by George G. Napier, M.A.)



STOCKWORTH MILL.

"I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal."
—"The Miller's Daughter."

(Reproduced from "The Homes and Haunts of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," by George G. Napier, M.A.)

I hope will be given to the world soon, was, in substance, recited to me three years ago in a fortnight's holiday, which we spent at the seaside together. Yet he had not a sheet of MS. before him. I believe this will be found to be one of the most strikingly original and profound expositions of Hamlet that has ever been written. It will make secure the position as a thinker which Brown, by his single work, might have held precariously. Another proof of how completely Shakespeare swept him away when he got on the subject was supplied by the fact that on one occasion during a three weeks' visit to Howard Spicer's home, the one literary subject talked of the whole time was Hamlet. To Spicer as to me, he practically recited the whole of what is now the complete exposition. He was a student of Meredith, and more critically, perhaps, of Balzac. Burns he had—like the Ayrshire man he was—at his finger tips, and while he would, in the rushes of impetuous talk, suddenly dive into a bookshelf for the purpose of reading from an author a passage to point his meaning, he could repeat by heart all of Burns that he desired to familiarise me with.

Like all men with original and active intellectual power, Brown had a great capacity for being bored, and although he had a robustious side to him which made him appear a "right good chap" to men of a totally different cast, many instances come back to me of his arranging to meet one or other of "the Triumvirate" for the pure purpose of escaping from a company with which he had no real sympathy. On one occasion I remember he was living up the river, and after being bored to madness for a week, he wired to one of us begging us to send a telegram saying that urgent business called him to London. On the other hand, he would enter with sympathy and the keenest interest into the affairs of simple, unpretentious people; and because of this he was a hero to many a humble old person who never suspected his literary powers.

Because there is a great deal of "damning" in his book, and a kind of expletive that is not choice, it has, in many quarters, been supposed that Brown was without reverence and without religion. Nothing could be further from the truth. His reverence was instinctive and profound, and his nature was intensely religious. I had not known Brown long when he talked religion to me voluntarily: at first diffidently; then with a surge, and without restraint, he told me of his experience. I would like to tell it, but some things are too intimate to repeat even after a man is gone, and my instinct is to let the details of that memorable confidence remain untold. Suffice it to say that Brown had had a marked religious turning-point, a new view of life which made existence a good thing and work a joyful duty at a juncture when, as he put it, "hell had filled his heart." When I heard this confidence, I knew why Brown struck me at first chiefly by his seriousness. One of the ideas the Triumvirate held in common was that religion is at the back of all abiding literature, and that there can be no real literature that is wholly without essential religion. And he held, if possible more firmly than I, that only those who see the world on a background of eternity can write great literature.

I hope it is not necessary to explain that it is not intended here to claim Brown for an orthodox Christian. *That* he

ALFRED TENNYSON.

From the medallion by Thomas Woolner, R.A.

(Reproduced from "Tennyson's Poems," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

never had been, probably never could have become. Yet there is no saying. With all his royal arrogance of intellect, he had, on the side of the Unseen, a very simple heart, and at no time could he have sat in the seat of the scorner. It is a curious fact that, about a year ago, he volunteered the information that he had begun to read the Bible a great deal; and I knew from observation that for months before he left town for Haslemere, he read a great deal in the New Testament. I do not see why I should not say here, finishing this part of my paper, that not once, but many times in the course of our conversation, when certain crudities of evangelical belief came up, he prefaced his criticism by saying: "You're a believer, M——. So am I, as you know; but——" and then would follow his objection to something he had heard or read of a religious but unintelligent kind.

I have spoken of his humility on the side of the great mysteries as contrasted with his arrogance on the strictly intellectual side. He was humble on another side—the side of his friendship. Listen to an extract from a letter written two years ago. It is almost too sacred for reprinting, but for various reasons I give it. We had had a misunderstanding, our first and only one: ". . . . But, my dear Melrose (and this is the point), even if the irritation had been real on your side, even if you had railed at and scolded and hurt me, it would have made no difference to the love and affection I have for you. . . . There can never be any essential difference between you and me. Even if we parted in anger (which God forbid), and never spoke to each other again, our souls would still be friends." Friendship, however, on Brown's side did not blind him to defects, real or imaginary, which he detected in his friends. Still less was he blind to his own generous faults. "I have features in my character," he says further on, "which I know you can't altogether approve of—and yet you love me in spite of them. And so I love you in spite of all your faults, were they a thousand times worse than my too hot temper ever made them out to be."

IN MEMORIAM.

From a drawing by A. Garth Jones.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

(Reproduced from the Caxton Series Edition of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

He was not humble about his book and its success, but he remained practically unaffected by it. He noted the new deference that was paid to him by men who had never before considered him, save as one to whom they might do a kindness by giving a job. He affected to be amused by and superior to this new manifestation, but in reality he succumbed to the flattery of it. It was no wonder. To be one day a hack journalist living from hand to mouth; kicking his heels in editors' outer offices waiting for a commission to write half-crown paragraphs; to be their "useful man," and the next day to find these editors — and others — taking a sixty miles' railway journey for the pure pleasure of smoking a pipe with him as the most-talked-of author of the day, was something which only a less generous and ingenuous man than Brown could have experienced unmoved. Besides, although he was one of the most-talked-of men in London, he was still one of the poorest. Indeed, until two months before he died, he was still living a precarious existence. To those who think of a successful novel as an instant source of wealth to its author, this fact will appear amazing and disappointing. But a fact it is, and although he sometimes commented upon his poverty humorously, he had at times a sense of annoyance which made him fling out in surges of anger. A generous heart made his anger short-lived; his gratitude was enormous and abiding; and I doubt if, when he died, Brown had a grievance against any one in the world.

I loved Brown the Bohemian, without a thought of fame, better than "George Douglas," the successful author; and my affection for his memory is not enhanced by the fact that he had justified himself in a brilliant book. My joy is to recall numberless evenings spent in London together. A quiet dinner in a favourite restaurant, and a walk along the Embankment, up by deserted Queen Victoria Street and round by St. Paul's; or west away down by the quaint streets that still remain of Old Chelsea; or a 'bus ride to a distant terminus—all the while surrendering ourselves to the mystery and magic which make a summer night in London an enchantment. Sometimes we talked continuously, and that was good; sometimes there were stretches of silence, and these were good, too. But always we were united by a bond so close that we could not be estranged, yet so free that there was no constraint.

Had it been possible for Brown to have read this reminiscence, he would have read another name into it right through. I have not mentioned this name save casually, but that is because he is one of the original three who had every-

MERLIN AND VIVIEN.

From a drawing by George W. Rhead.

"Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;
The people called him Wizard. . . . .
He gained the beach;
There found a little boat, and stept into it;
And Vivien followed, but he mark'd her not.
She took the helm and he the sail; the boat
Drave with a sudden wind across the deeps."—"Vivien."

(Reproduced from the Illustrated Edition of "Idylls of the King," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

thing in common, even their individual pleasures with each other. To his home Brown went as to mine; from him he got help of a kind which I could not render, and to him he gave as sincere an affection as he could give to any man. When the third member of our partnership came on the fatal last night to hurry Brown into being well by his own splendid vitality, neither of us thought that within a few hours we should be holding our friend's hands in his death agony. It was surely something more than a coincidence, that we three should spend the supreme hour for one of us together.

Yet I confess I have a wholly personal and selfish satisfaction in turning up my copy of the "House with the Green Shutters," and reading the inscription there, writ large in Brown's own hand—Amico Amicissimo Andrea Melrose hunc libellum Auctor—the justification for this Reminiscence of one of the bravest, cleanest, most brotherly souls I have ever met.

THE DECAY OF FICTION.

By James Douglas.

SOME time ago Mr. Thomas Hardy was asked to say what he thought of the younger generation of novelists. He replied that many of them are very clever, but they have got no story to tell. That is a suggestive explanation of the decay which is overtaking the Victorian novel. It is dying of showy cleverness and brilliant insincerity. Every form of art in the long run dies of technique. As the inner impulse which puts life into the paint or the marble or the sounds or the words grows feeble, the art of the artist grows more artificial, until, in his passion for technical polish, he loses the mysterious exaltation of genius. Art becomes artifice. After Marlowe and Shakespeare, poetry slowly passed through the various phases of decay. Milton, the supreme Titan of technique, marked the transition from art to artifice. Sublime are his harmonies, but the first encroachment of artifice lurks subtly in his intricate word-music. After Milton came the witty putrescence of Restoration comedy, the formalism of Dryden, and the epigrammatic paste of Pope. Art became artifice.

Something like the same process is apparent in our own period, both in poetry and in prose. The novel is the one

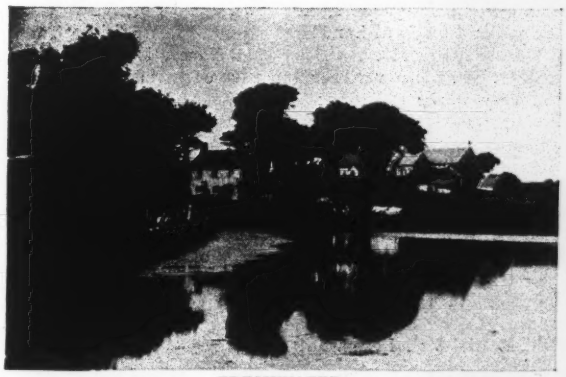
art-form left to us now that Tennyson and Browning and Rossetti and Morris are dead. Will it die like the drama and the great sort of poetry? It has flourished for more than a century. Its spring was splendid, its summer was magnificent, its autumn was exquisite, but its winter seems to be upon us, and we seek in vain among the vast multitude of novelists for the creative genius which alone can breathe new life into a dying art. Where are the men or the women who are fit to hold a torch or a candle to Richardson, Sterne, Sir Walter Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, and Hardy? I survey the cohorts of fiction, and nowhere do I find the sure promise of mastership, the dazzling insolence of genius. On all sides there are talents, specialisms, eccentricities, but where is the sheaf before which all the other sheaves bow down? The average of mediocrity is higher, there are more novelists in the eye of notoriety, and the popularity of fiction is hotter than ever; but publicity is not fame, and success in the market is no guarantee of literary permanence. Bold is the man who dares to name a name that will long outlive its owner.

"John Oliver Hobbes" at one time was the rising hope of the optimists. Her brilliancy is indisputable, but has she produced one play or one novel, or created one character, that is not easy to forget and hard to remember? Tried by the terrible test of life, she fails. Her new novel, "Love and the Soul Hunters" (Fisher Unwin), is clever, but it is clever clay. Not one of its characters manages to be more than a shadow of a shadow. They are baptised shadows, but their names cover no throbbing reality, no pulsing heart. What is this love? What are these souls? What are these soul-hunters? With gallant self-irony Mrs. Craigie makes the Prophet Ezekiel herald her thin ghosts. "Thus saith the Lord God, Will ye hunt the souls of my people, and will ye save the souls alive that come among ye?" But her souls are not souls, and they are not alive. They have orchidaceous titles, but they lack flesh and bones and blood. Prince Paul, the "sentimental soul-hunter," is a convention as common as Clementine, the convention he hunts. "La Belle Valentine," the demi-mondaine, is less real than an Otero or a Cleo de Merode, for one can see Otero or Cleo de Merode for half a crown, and one cannot see "La Belle Valentine" for four and sixpence. The ex-Queen and Princess Marie and Prince Constantine are, if possible, more nebulous than Prince Paul. Felshammer, the man of granite, and Cobden Duryee, the dyspeptic American millionaire, are more nebulous still. They are assertions, not human beings. Mrs. Craigie assures us that they exist, that they feel, that they possess wills, that they struggle with each other, but we do not see them feeling, willing, struggling. They talk to each other, but they talk with difficulty; their utterances are inane, their acts are accidental, and we are unable to flog ourselves into sympathy or aversion. Wax they are and wax they remain, in spite of the upholstery, the turnstiles, the orchestra, and the labels. Prince Paul cries: "You are the one being in the world who seems able to idealise life for me. I cannot, I will not take it as it appears; I have burnt my ships, I have put everything away from my existence, my future, my duty, my ambition—everything except you. I need you always. The love I feel for you is not ordinary love at all. You are part of myself—the other half of my soul. A chance—a divine chance—brought us together. Such good fortune does not come to one man out of five thousand. And you ask me to think about it for another month! Impossible!" Is this life? Is this love? Is this art? If so, it is within the reach of every contractor for serials.

It may be said that although Mrs. Craigie's characters are inane, her style is scintillating. Well, take the first

ALFRED TENNYSON.
From a photograph by J. Mayall.
"'Nature's idea' in Tennyson's face must be sought in the great Mayall photograph. The further any portrait departs from that type, the further it departs from the truth."—Theodore Watts-Dunton, in the *Magazine of Art.*

THE PALACE OF ART.
From a drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
"Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
An angel look'd at her."
(Reproduced from "Tennyson's Poems," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)



FRESHWATER.

"Yonder lies our young sea-village—Art and Grace are less and less:
Science grows and Beauty dwindles—roofs of slated hideousness!"
—*Tennyson.*

From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith and Co., Reigate.

FRESHWATER BAY.

"Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands."—"Enoch Arden."

From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith and Co., Reigate.

sentence of the novel: "Prince Paul of Urseville-Beylestein had ordered the shutters closed of every room in his vast *hôtel* in the Avenue Kléber, taken to his bed, turned his face to the wall." Is that English? If it be unfair to take the first sentence, take another: "'We needn't shake hands, Alfred,' she said at last, conscious enough, with perfect good-humour, of the aversion he felt to the meeting." No, I fear that the style of "Love and the Soul Hunters" does not redeem the anæmia of the characterisation or the inanity of the story.

What remains? A few smart epigrams: "Whenever one tells the truth one is called cynical."—"To be prudent under the alluring mask of indiscretion is a rare faculty."—"Remorseful fortitude is the most dangerous kind of cowardice, and it is the commonest in virtuous women."—"Comic opera is the only true thing left in society."—"I am one of the few women who are poor actresses, and who are still not stagey." But desultory flashes of wit do not make a novel, even if they crease our cheeks with a momentary smile. Is there aught else? There are satirical allusions to a popular dramatic poet, a popular actress, and a popular novelist. There is a melodramatic attempt to murder Prince Paul. There is feminine finance. There is an ironical description of the floating of a Continental resort: "Journalists are writing up the scenery and buying railroad shares. It will soon be a paradise for hotel-keepers and bead-sellers. The valley peasants have started a bead industry already—a Jew from India is giving them points—and the hill population are taking lessons in folk-songs from a Berlin singing-teacher—for the summer season. They are also building a gambling saloon in order to attract a bright crowd. Beylestein, in fact, is coming along splendidly. All the best couriers have taken it up." This is all very amusing, but it is ephemeral. Mrs. Craigie is clever, but—"Story, God bless you. she has none to tell, sir." Until she and the rest of our novelists contrive to tell a story in which there are real, live human beings, who can arouse the interest of real, live human beings, the decay of fiction will not be arrested.

FARRINGFORD.
Tennyson's Residence at Freshwater.

"On November the 24th (1853) they left Twickenham, and on the 25th entered into possession of Farringford, which was to be a home to them for forty years, and where some of my father's best-known works were written. Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie describes the place in her pleasant 'Records,' as she saw it when it had become their own.

"'The house at Farringford itself seemed like a charmed palace, with green walls without, and speaking walls within. . . . The oriel drawing-room window was full of green and golden leaves, of the sound of birds and of the distant sea.'"—"Tennyson: a Memoir," by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

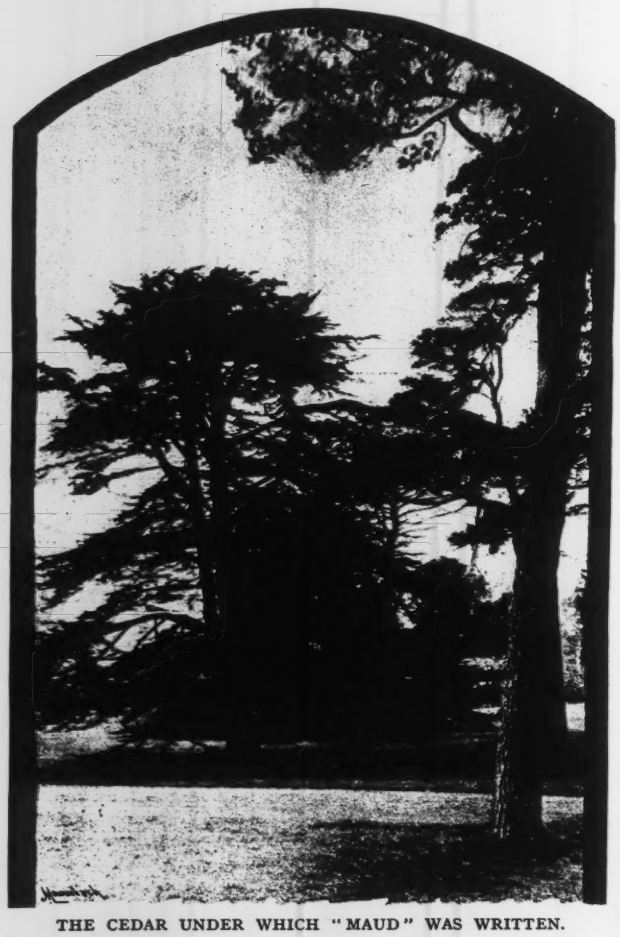
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith and Co., Reigate.

New Books.

JOHN RUSKIN, BY FREDERIC HARRISON.*

Though Mr. Frederic Harrison tells us that he was personally acquainted with Ruskin for forty years, this volume adds little or nothing to the biographical facts as generally known. Its interest lies in the sympathy it reveals, the kindly estimate and the almost eager claim to kinship, on the part of one who might, if he had cared to recollect it, have found reason enough for aloofness, and even antagonism. Readers of "Fors Clavigera" in its original form cannot but remember how Ruskin turned again and rent Mr. Harrison with more than his usual impatience of contradiction; and they may very naturally search the pages of this volume in hopes of some piquant narrative of the adventure or counterstroke of criticism. But they will look in vain. They will find instead a most appreciative presentment of the abilities and disabilities of a young genius, his growth into self-realisation,

* "English Men of Letters: John Ruskin." By Frederic Harrison. 2s. (Macmillan.)



THE CEDAR UNDER WHICH "MAUD" WAS WRITTEN.

Tennyson wrote the greater part of "Maud" under the shade of a spreading cedar on the lawn in Sir John Simeon's garden at Swainston.

"Birds in the high Hall-garden,
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling."

(Reproduced from "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

and his career through phase after phase of developing power, until age and affliction clouded those unhappy later years. Not that Mr. Harrison is indiscriminate in his praises. Ruskin, according to his sound verdict, was "rather a stimulus than an authority—an influence rather than a master." "But," he adds, "the union of marvellous literary power with encyclopædic studies of Nature and of Art, both illumined with burning enthusiasm as to all things moral and social, combined to form one of the most fascinating personalities of the nineteenth century."

The attempt to tell the story of a long and busy life, and to add some account of the varied work done in it, and of still more varied work left undone, necessarily leads to a rather summary treatment of many parts. The hurried abstracts of whole volumes, condensed into a paragraph, hardly put a reader who does not know Ruskin into a position to understand either the writer or his exponent. The quotations from "Unto this Last," given *con amore*, represent their subject better than the cursory jottings from "Time and Tide" or the Oxford lectures, which might have been omitted without great loss. About some of these lectures Mr. Harrison himself says, "It is difficult to see to what it amounts in the sum, except it be a querulous diatribe against all that we call liberalism or science." And yet when he leaves off picking books to pieces and tries to give the gist of Ruskin's argument, he pays the highest compliment a Comtist can give: "The fact remains that Comte and Ruskin are substantially agreed"—on most points! "A passage in 'Præterita' (iii. 7) well expresses the root religion of his life (passage quoted). Well! that is the essence of the religion of Humanity." We have heard Ruskin claimed as a Catholic by Catholics, and as a Quaker by Quakers, and now he is a Positivist. Surely the millennium is at hand!

On one point Mr. Harrison must have misunderstood. He says (p. 65), "It never seems to have occurred to Ruskin that the very works of imagination which he adores as almost divine were exactly contemporary with others that he treats as an emanation from hell; that many of the purest works of art were produced in times of foul crime; that some of the most devout and moral of nations have expressed their artistic longings in terms of vulgar commonplace." But this is exactly what Ruskin insisted upon in the "Inaugural Address at the Cambridge School of Art" in 1858. The passages are far too long to quote in a review; they may be commended to anyone who really cares to see Ruskin's central theory of the reaction of Art upon Ethics ("On the Old Road," Vol. I., pp. 421-431).

But in this book of Mr. Harrison's there is singularly little to which exception can be taken on the score of inaccuracy. The few biographical errors, such as misinterpreting Ruskin's allusion to Lady Mount Temple in the dedication of "Sesame and Lilies," and in giving the Severns the wrong number of children, will be easily corrected by those who are acquainted with Ruskin's life, and are matters of slight importance to the world at large. After so many publications in which Ruskin's aims and circumstances have been variously misrepresented, this little work strikes one as sound and trustworthy.

W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC.*

"Have we not heard enough of La Pucelle?" said a lady, taking up this handsome volume where it lay on my table. I did not think so, and I explained that Mr. Murray had now given us in clear, admirable English the first and second

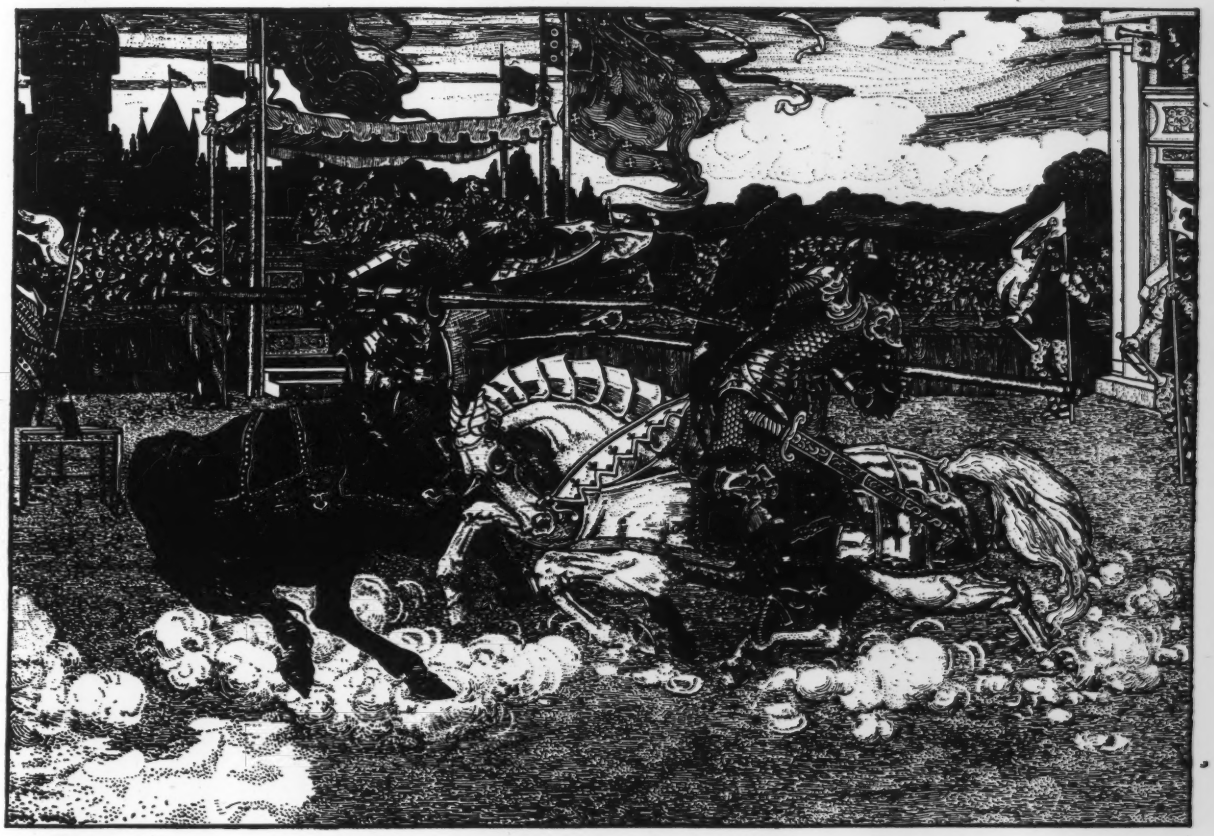
* "Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France." Edited by T. Douglas Murray. With Illustrations. 15s. net. (William Heinemann.)

GLADE AT FARRINGFORD.

From a watercolour drawing by Mrs. Allingham.

"Where far from noise and smoke of town
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down."
—*Invitation to Maurice.*

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)



GERAINT AND EDYRN.

From a drawing by Louis Rhead

"Thrice
They clash'd together, and thrice they brake their spears.
Then each, dishorsed and drawing, lash'd at each
So often and with such blows, that all the crowd
Wonder'd, and now and then from distant walls
There came a clapping as of phantom hands."—"Enid."

(Reproduced from the Illustrated Edition of "Idylls of the King," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

trial of the Maid—the first, which led to her burning in the cattle market at Rouen, May 30th, 1431, and the second, dated June 7th, 1456, which declared her innocence, though twenty-five years too late. Again I pointed out to my friend, who is a Catholic *pur sang*, Flemish on one side, Spanish on the other, those words, so pleasant in our ears, with which Mr. Murray ends his preface, and which I may be permitted to quote. "The decree of Pope Calixtus," he says—confirming the rehabilitation at Rouen,—"has added a true romance to human story. In all that we know of the world's great ones, we can find no parallel for the Maid of Domremy. Perhaps only in Catholic France was such a heroine possible. Certainly Teutonic Protestantism has as yet given to the world none of the exalted types of radiant and holy women such as those that illuminate Latin Christianity. Whether as a saint or a nation-maker, Jeanne's place in world-history is assured."

As Catholics we cannot but feel deeply grateful to the author who has uttered this generous sentiment. All the more, indeed, that on turning to the record of Joan's trial, we are confronted with a sad spectacle of wickedness in high places, of religion prostituted to political ends, of bishops forgetting their mildness, inquisitors trapping innocence by chicanery, confessors betraying their trust, and church-lawyers with only a few honourable exceptions, accomplices in a deed of blood. Not many English readers are acquainted with the process of law by which Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, brought this girl of nineteen to the stake. It is heartrending in its ferocious details, as in its mediæval barbarism, where torture stands ready to help out the baffled examiner, it is detestable. Joan could neither read nor write. She believed in her "voices," and obeyed them, sword in hand, armour on breast. Within a year she had fulfilled her mission, the deliverance of Orleans, the crowning at Rheims. These things were charged against her in a snuffling jargon of school terms, as witchcraft, practice with fairies, sorcery, heresy, and dealing with the devil. The story tells in round legal phrase how she was left a prisoner in the hands of five common soldiers, denied counsel, hustled between civil and military authorities the better to compass her destruction, betrayed, browbeaten, refused the right of appeal, terrified into abjuration, judged as relapsing because she had put on her man's clothes again to defend herself from ruffians. It is melancholy to think that all was done in the name of the Church; for no sentence of any kind was pronounced by a secular court. Pope Calixtus owed it to religion, which had been so shamefully outraged, as much as to Joan's mother and kindred, that the judgment should be reversed.

And in the second trial is unfolded the choice and noble *Chanson de Geste*, which we call her life, nineteen years in all. It is quite flawless, a light that concentrates and burns in a star, crimson but pure, and immortal. There are a cloud of witnesses, too, distinct though multitudinous, from her village companions to the knights who took her to Charles at Chinon, from Dunois to her page, Louis de Contes, and Leparmentier, apparitor of the Court of Rouen, who saw her in the flames. We are reading a story that grows in strength, beauty, and terror, while the witnesses give evidence and the judges listen. It was a trial of the dead. Joan with a halo glancing round her, Bishop Cauchon as the engraving depicts him, in vestment and mitre, laid out at Lisieux, where he expired. As for the conclusion, I wonder that it is not given in the strangely prophetic words that Shakespeare puts on the lips of Charles VII. They are less known than is fitting on so memorable a subject, and

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

From a drawing by W. Holman Hunt.

"There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott."

(Reproduced from "Tennyson's Poems," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

may be cited as England's act of reparation for a dreadful crime.

"'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide the crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewelled coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France,—
No longer on Saint Denis shall we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint."*

WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. JAMES'S NEW STORY.†

A long and very ardent admiration for Mr. James's work has probably not prepared us for an adequate judgment of his latest novel. We say so without too great humility; for we came to it with eagerness, threaded its labyrinths with patience; and if we have not understood what it is all about, we are not ashamed. Mr. James has provoked in us an aggressive Philistinism; and if it wrongs him, we are not repentant. Let him give us all the real subtleties he can conceive, and we shall follow him or not according to our capacities, and when we leave him it will be humbly regretful of our dulness. But here we presume to deny the subtlety, having a kind of assurance that by dint of hard labour we have understood his situation and the motives of his characters. If we are right, these are extremely simple, adequate enough, human enough, to interest and to touch us, if plainly expressed, as they might well be, in thirty pages. He hides them up in the close type of five hundred and seventy-six, through which we travel, now with an honest hope that the length is to be justified at last by a real mystery, or some genuine difficulty, now with a dull suspicious anger that we are being bamboozled. But the justification never appears; and yet the subject, which is pathetic, hardly allows us to think that Mr. James has perpetrated an elaborate joke. We do not deny the complications; and are positively certain Mr. James was puzzled by them as much as any of his readers. The multiplication table might seem very complicated if written in some unknown *patois* or slang. And a great deal of this book is written in what may be called slang, a very refined, very individual slang, but slang, none the less, certain vague words like "wonderful" or "beautiful" being made to do duty for and to summarise all sorts of varied things, ideas, and circumstances which have nothing to do with either marvels or with beauty. This slang is not meant to illustrate the inarticulateness of a fashionable coterie. It is all part of, and very nearly the whole of, an elaborate game. It is dictated by the laws of game, and the players use it for counters. Imagine a group of six or seven persons, of different nationalities, temperaments, professions, and motives, all sworn never to say the thing they mean when they are most in earnest, but always something else which may mean whatever you like. Everybody joins in and plays frenziedly, feeling that the most incoherent will be the winner. The American heiress, her *dame de compagnie*, the early Victorian, solid Mrs. Lowder, her handsome niece —but we own it is the native speech of that detestable young woman—the fashionable physician, the naturally straightforward young journalist—one and all are as cryptic as if they were rival diplomats. Of course confusion reigns in the end—but so unnecessarily! There is one straightforward person who hasn't learnt the game—bless him!—Lord Mark. He blurts, being, as he is called, "adequately human"; and his blurting kills the heroine—and clears the atmosphere. We long to blurt, too, our discoveries—for so we think them —that the tactful, clever Kate, with the "talent for life," is no complicated, subtle, modern heroine, but only a vulgar schemer of a well-known type, and that Milly, stripped of her diaphanous draperies and her millions, and brought out to the light of common day, would not be much fallen in love with. Pathetic she is in that she has millions and no health; but the millions are made to play too great a part in her supposed charm and pathos. And Mr. James, by his roundabout reticence concerning her disease, rouses the uneasy suspicion that she must be a leper at least. Well,

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

From a drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

"Till all the crimson changed and past
Into deep orange o'er the sea,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
Before Our Lady murmur'd she;
Complaining, 'Mother, give me grace
To help me of my weary load,'
And on the liquid mirror glow'd
The clear perfection of her face."

(Reproduced from "Tennyson's Poems," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

* "King Henry VI.," Part I., Act I., Scene VI.

†"The Wings of the Dove." By Henry James. 6s. (Constable.)

it is a *tour de force* to spin thirty pages out to five hundred and seventy-six, and to hang half a dozen commonplace people round with so many wrappings that they deceive themselves, and their creator, and almost the reader, into believing that they are subtle mysteries. The book may be something more, and better, but hard labour has not revealed it to us; and so, to quote Mr. James when a page or two's indirect and elliptical expression has landed him approximately at the truth, "let us leave it at that."

A. MACDONELL.

THE FORERUNNER.*

This book is a medley of history, biography, fiction, art, science, religion, philosophy, and mysticism. There is no real plot, and the story ranges over a period of twenty-five years (1494-1519 A.D.), while the number of personages introduced bewilders the mind, including as it does, among countless minor characters, such great figures as Charles VIII., Louis XII., Francis I., Alexander VI., Leo X., Cæsar Borgia, Ludovico Sforza and his wife Beatrice, Savonarola, Macchiavelli, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. In order to introduce them all the author arranges a series of brilliant, though somewhat garish, *tableaux vivants*, which are loosely linked together by being all associated with the life of Leonardo da Vinci, the painter of "The Last Supper," and the development of an idea which it is only possible to explain imperfectly because no ordinary mind can understand it.

GODIVA.

From a drawing by E. J. Sullivan.

"And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come.
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him."

(Reproduced from "A Dream of Fair Women, and Other Poems," by kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.)

As in his previous novel, "The Death of the Gods," the writer selected the era of Julian the Apostate in order to set forth the victory of Christianity over Paganism, so here he has chosen the period of the Renaissance to depict what he calls, in the Russian title of his work, "The Resurrection of the Gods." As Julian with his cry "*vicisti, Galilæe*" acknowledged the triumph of "the God-man," so the Renaissance represents the struggle for supremacy of "the Man-god," of the man, that is, who instead of humbling himself before high heaven seeks Titan-like to scale it. *Ecce Deus* is what Leonardo da Vinci wrote beneath his great statue of Francesco Sforza, "that son of a peasant, strong as a lion, astute as a fox, who attained by sagacity, by crime, and by great exploits, the summit of power," and his own life is represented as a continuous effort to rise, through knowledge, above the level of humanity. He seeks to know and understand all things, to discover not only the exact laws of art, but also the exact laws of all science. When we first meet him he is "putting the angle-measure to the fair lips" of a newly-discovered statue of Aphrodite—a favourite goddess in this volume—and explaining that he "generally divides the human face into degrees, minutes, seconds, and thirds, a third being $\frac{1}{3333}$ of the whole face," and also, one would think, an awkward unit of measurement. Then we see him sketching Savonarola "with superb composure," as after a thrilling sermon "pressing his white lips on the crucifix he knelt and burst into sobs" while "the long agonised wail of penitents . . . rose to heaven." Or, again, he is standing by the deathbed of Beatrice Sforza, and there, since "the look of supreme suffering in a human face was to his eyes a rare and beautiful manifestation of nature . . ., not a wrinkle, not the quivering of a muscle escaped his passionless, all-seeing eyes." Nor does this strange devotion to art absorb all his powers. He rejoices in the study of mathematics as the perfect expression of those laws by which "The Prime Mover," or "Thrice-Marvellous Necessity," rules the universe; he has written 120 volumes dealing with natural science; he is an adept in mechanics, having invented a long catalogue of warlike engines as well as "a new mincing machine for sausages." And yet he is a kindly man withal, adopting orphans and doing good deeds manifold, for it is the great article in his creed, which (p. 146) he asserts in capital letters, that "Perfect knowledge of the universe and perfect love of God are one thing and the same."

In fact, however, failure awaits him, his work, and his theories. He finds the mildew, which will ultimately destroy it, beginning to spot his great fresco; the wings for flight to which he has devoted a life's labour (and which are typical of his ambition) prove faulty and cripple the faithful servant who attempts to use them; his pupils turn on him, and the favourite among them, distracted between his old religious beliefs and his master's new teaching, takes refuge in suicide; he himself dies in poverty and exile. For he is only "the Forerunner." But of what? Of whom? That indeed it is hard to say. Just before his death, however, he paints a picture "of a naked youth, womanish, seductively beautiful," but which is not, as might be thought, the heathen

* "The Forerunner." A Novel. By Dimitri Merejkowski. Translated from the Russian. 6s. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

ALDWORTH.
Tennyson's Home at Blackdown, near Haslemere, of which he laid the foundation stone in 1868.
"You came, and look'd and loved the view
Long-known and loved by me,
Green Sussex fading into blue,
With one gray glimpse of sea."
From a photograph by the Graphotone Co.

TENNYSON'S LANE, HASLEMERE.
"Aldworth is distant about two miles from Haslemere, but in this short space the road passes through very varied scenery. After traversing a fine English highway, and clambering over a rough common covered with whin bushes, a long winding lane is reached, which enjoys the title of Tennyson's Lane."—"Homes and Haunts of Alfred, Lord Tennyson."
From a photograph by the Graphotone Co.

Dionysus, "for instead of the leopard's skin he wore a garment of camel's hair; instead of the thyrsus he carried a cross," pointing to it "with a subtle smile." The figure, it seems, symbolises that blending of Paganism with Christianity to which apparently the author looks forward as the ideal religion of the future, and in the Epilogue a young Russian painter rhapsodises over the work, and declaims about "the third Rome, the new Zion," and "a Woman in shining garments" who is "Hagia Sophia, the wisdom of God," and will appear "over the land of Russia." What the meaning of these dark sayings is none can tell; but the third volume of this "trilogy," which is entitled "Anti-Christ," and deals with Peter the Great, will perhaps bring the interpretation.

Before such a work as this sane criticism is dumb. Those who admire most what they understand least will doubtless applaud it, and the fact that the writer commands readers in several countries is fresh evidence how prone the human mind is to mysticism. Perhaps, however, it is not its eccentric teaching which commends the book so much as its vivid realism. Merejkowski has mastered the history of the period he deals with, and he paints his scenes with full details, and in the strongest colours. Sometimes he is genuinely effective, and it would be difficult to illustrate the spirit of that strange age more forcibly than he does in his sketch of the "historiographer" Merula exulting over a palimpsest on which, beneath a monkish copy of a penitential psalm, he has discovered a Greek hymn to Aphrodite, and then getting as drunk as Porson in his scholarly rapture. But too often his style displeases by excess, and it needs a strong stomach to assist at a banquet where "there is served up a naked Andromeda, made of the breasts of capons, bound to a rock of cream-cheese, and about to be loosed by a winged Perseus of veal," while, if anyone desires unmitigated and nauseating horror, he has only to turn to the chapter entitled "The Witches' Sabbath."

The book is not one which will commend itself to any but the crudest literary taste. It is interesting in places—for anyone who writes with knowledge about such a period must be interesting—but the flavour it leaves in the mouth is not always pleasant, and the effect of the whole is cloying. A great number of historic personages appear upon the stage. Their costumes are splendid, and the background of each scene is brilliant, but the figures that pass before the eyes do not seem to be alive, and the intelligent reader, as he closes the book, will experience the feeling of one who steps into the fresh air after a long afternoon at Maadme Tussaud's.

T. E. PAGE.

MR. ANSTEY'S LATEST.*

Mr. Anstey's new book can be read in half an hour, but in these misty days of autumn, with a past summer that does not bear thinking of, thirty minutes of happiness are cheaply purchased at two and eightpence net. There was wisdom in making the story short, for Mr. Hurry Bungshe Jabberjee's style is one that some people will not be able to get over; a little Baboo English goes a very long way. But there is excellent fun in the book; perhaps the best is in the author's criticism of the various drawings; an excellent idea this, but one that adopted by certain writers to certain artists might make for trouble. As a matter of fact, the author, who has Mr. Bernard Partridge for collaborator, may always count himself a lucky man. The parables that follow "A Bayard of Bengal" are excellent. For instance! "'The accommodation might be more luxurious, it's true,' remarked the philosophic Mouse when he found himself in the Trap, 'but, after all, it's not as if I were going to stay here long.'" And again! "No outsiders there—only just their own particular set!" said the Cocksparrow when he came home after having been to tea with the Birds of Paradise.

* "A Bayard from Bengal." By F. Anstey. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

PROVINCIAL FRANCE.*

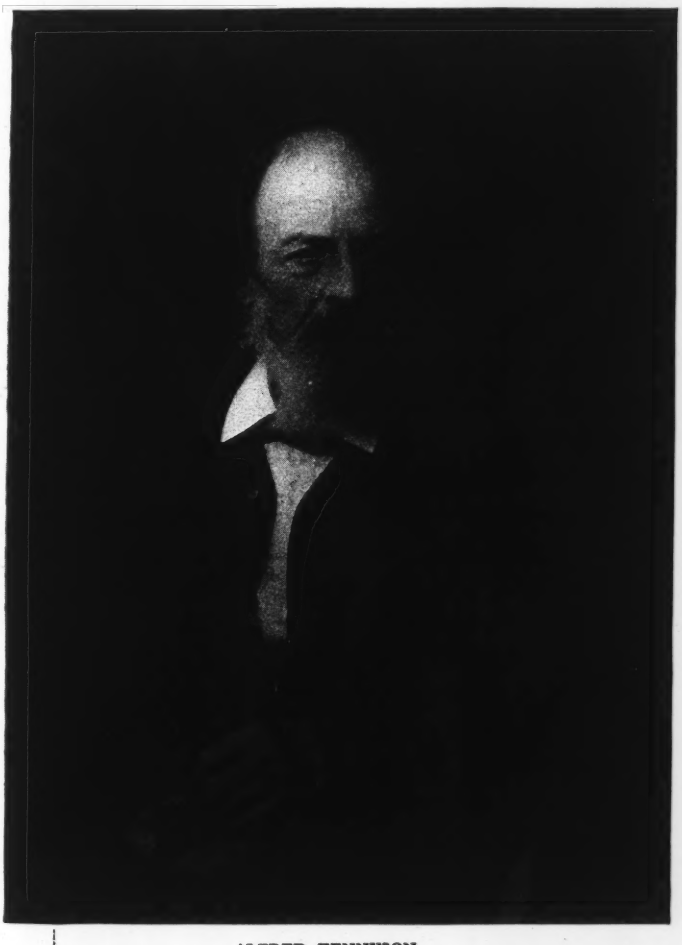
A new book about France by Miss Betham-Edwards is always a welcome gift for many reasons, but chiefly because the author does really know her subject. Her knowledge may not be exactly the knowledge of a political philosopher. Very likely Mr. J. E. C. Bodley knows a good deal that Miss Betham-Edwards does not know. But the world is wide, and one does not expect the same sort of knowledge from everybody. Miss Betham-Edwards knows the French much as a shrewd and intelligent person in the country knows the people who live next door and round the corner. She may be said to have taken all France for her Thrums, and to convey her window with her when she travels, in order to observe all those who pass in front of it with keen and sympathetic eyes. Discussing many subjects, she extinguishes none of them with the wet blanket of encyclopædic information, but enlivens all of them with the bright gossip of an acute observer who finds life more interesting than books. One cannot call her a great stylist; but that is no great matter. One is inclined to think that the lack of style is one of her qualities, and that she would be less persuasive if her sentences were more polished. She may be pardoned even for the impression which she sometimes gives of leaving off because she is tired rather than because she has finished. For she possesses two great gifts, sometimes supposed to be incompatible—the gifts of sympathy and subacidity. She can smile at the French, when they deserve it, though she loves them, and she obviously loves them while she smiles at them. Of course she has her prejudices. If people's fixed ideas were really found branded on their hearts after death, then "le cléricalisme voilà l'ennemi" would assuredly be found branded upon hers. But her prejudices do not blind her. She knows quite well that, in France, clericalism is not the leading characteristic of the clericals, or nationalism the leading characteristic of the nationalists. In practice the supreme quality of all the French is gracious-

* "East of Paris." By Miss Betham-Edwards. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

ness. They behave as if they believed that, though Englishmen collectively did not want them at Fashoda, any individual Englishman who is polite to them would have been only too pleased to see them stay there. That is the real reason why, though the two peoples often quarrel, they never really hate each other. And Miss Betham-Edwards, in bringing the fact into relief, serves the cause of the comity of nations.

These remarks, of course, review Miss Betham-Edwards' work in general rather than the particular book now published. The book, however, really calls for very few remarks which might not be given that wider application. It does not relate a single journey, but revives the memories of many journeys. Melun, the forest of Fontainebleau, Pougues-les-Eaux, Rheims, and Nancy are among the places treated. There is also an account of a trip across the frontier to Alsace and Lorraine. In each case, and in all the other cases, Miss Betham-Edwards avoids the obvious, refrains from borrowing from the guide-book, and writes merely of the things that happened to strike her when she saw them. The failure of the Germans to Germanise Lorraine, for instance, is illustrated by many instructive anecdotes, while in the section concerning Rheims there is little about the cathedral, but a great deal about a unique and interesting "hospice," built to shelter the old age of people with small private incomes. It follows that the book is not by any means to be classed with glorified guide-books, but belongs to quite a different category. It tells us much more about the peculiarities of the people than about the curiosities of the country; and it is warmly to be recommended to all those who desire to know the French more intimately.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

"A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man is Alfred; dusty, smoky, free and easy; who swims, outwardly and inwardly, with great composure in an articulate element as of tranquil chaos and tobacco-smoke; great now and then when he does emerge; a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man."—*Carlyle*, Sept. 5th, 1840.

From photo by Barraud.

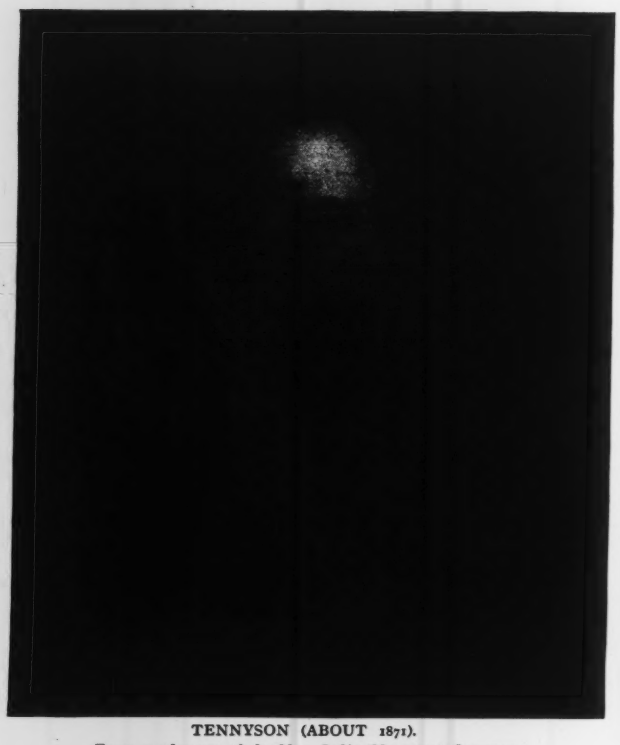
THREE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.*

Mr. Craig's introduction and notes to "King Lear" more than sustain the repute of this excellent edition of the plays of Shakespeare in single volumes published by Methuen and Co.—an edition which proudly disdains any distinctive title or badge upon its title page though it bears Shakespeare's armorial shield upon its red covers. The amount of labour expended upon the text of Lear by the present editor far exceeds that usually devoted to the work in editions of this kind. Mr. Craig has independently collated the texts of the two quartos of 1608 and the folio of 1623. The most striking feature of the present edition, however, is the great wealth of illustrative quotations. In glossarial knowledge of the language from Dunbar to Cotgrave and Massinger, Mr. Craig has few superiors. An unusual proportion of his illustrations are new, and many of them are rich both in point and information. In Act II., scene ii., line 66, it is possible that Harington's "Metamorphosis of Ajax" would have afforded material for more interesting illustration than Scott's "Discovery of Witchcraft." A few lines further down the explanation of the holy cords, as the natural bonds of affection, is much more satisfactory than the oft repeated gloss of Warburton that the cords are the "cords of the sanctuary." In Act III. vii. 67, we could have wished that Mr. Craig had explained the difficult phrase, "Good porter turn the key, all cruels else subscribed"—the interpretation of which is surely not free from formidable difficulties. Act I. i. 280, "and well are worth the want that you have wanted," with its puzzling cognate accusative, is well paraphrased thus: "And well deserve to lose your share of the kingdom in return for your flagrant want of kindness and sympathy with the wishes of your father." Perhaps we might suggest here: "And well deserve the lack of the thing that you are lacking in." We are less inclined to agree with Mr. Craig's explanation of "her smiles and tears were like a better way," and his proposed reading, "were like a bettering day." Daniel's explanation—"her smiles and tears were like [rain and shine together], only better, more beautiful," seems adequate. These, however, are details. The notes, as a whole, are distinguished from those of all Mr. Craig's predecessors in editing this difficult play, not only by their general quality, but also by their originality. The introduction of nearly sixty pages is a worthy portal to the text. It is a mine of information as to the sources of the play, and brings out more clearly than has yet been attempted the connection between the old chronicle history of "King Leir" and Shakespeare's play, and the extent to which the plot is indebted to *The Brut* of Layamon. The play is pretty safely attributed to 1606, and the introduction ends with a short but first-rate appreciation of the tragedy as a work of art.

It seems a great pity that, in an edition so meri-

ALFRED TENNYSON.
From a photograph by O. G. Rejlander, 1859.
Engraved by G. J. Stodart.
(Reproduced from "Tennyson: A Memoir," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

* "The Works of Shakespeare: King Lear." Edited by W. J. Craig. "Julius Cæsar." Edited by Michael Macmillan. "The Tempest." Edited by Morton Luce. 3s. 6d. each. (Methuen.)



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1871).

From a photograph by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron.

"It is full of life, and certainly very like save for the modelling, or, rather, no-modelling, of the temples and the frontal bone. . . It has the advantage of showing the fine drawing in the neck of the poet."—Theodore Watts-Dunton, in the *Magazine of Art.*

(Reproduced by permission of Mr. J. Caswell Smith.)

torious in many respects as the present, the plan of the introductions should not be methodised, the arrangement rendered uniform, and the proportions subordinated to some general scheme. In "King Lear" we are spared a preface, in "Julius Cæsar" we have not only a preface but also an introduction of nearly ninety pages, in addition to an appendix of ten more pages. The scheme of this introduction differs entirely from that in the preceding volume. It is, in fact, mainly an essay upon Shakespeare's characterisation, good in its way, but of little value for the class of reader for whom we imagine this edition is primarily intended. By a grievous error of judgment, as we consider, the introduction, already long, is swollen by extravagant extracts from North's "Plutarch." The thirty pages devoted to these extracts are simply dead matter. Some of the space might surely have been allotted to a summary of the metrical features of the play and to its scenic history and bibliography. Hardly any reference seems to be made to the valuable edition of Craik, to which nearly all the subsequent editions have been largely indebted. A large portion of the notes are of the extremely obvious order, and their triteness is the more transparent if we come fresh from the recondite references in "King Lear."

"The Tempest," edited by Mr. Morton Luce, is a good piece of work. The introduction again is *sui generis* and portentously long. It would have been better had the will-o'-the-wisp section upon "the play as an autobiography" been altogether omitted. There is not really very much material *left* for controversy in connection with this play. The text is relatively good, the source of the fable is absolutely unknown, the central date is unquestionably 1612, though there is good reason for believing with Dr. Garnett that in its present (perhaps shortened) form "The Tempest" was first performed in February, 1613, at the wedding of the Elector Palatine. Several topics which might well be treated in the introduction (*e.g.*, the musical and stage history of the play) are relegated to the appendix, which is in consequence inordinately bloated. There are, however, some interesting "Illustrations" of the play. The famous line, "banks with pioned and twilled brims," is explained on common-sense lines as peonied and lilied brims, though "twilled" may possibly be correct and mean sedgy. Hanmer's excellent emendation, as it always seems to us, ling, heath, broom, furze, for "long heath, brown firs" (I. i. 68), is not adopted. There is a good attempt to interpret Caliban (xxxii.-xl.), without, however, any reference to Renan's brilliant drama on the subject.

The present edition, excellent as it is, will gain considerably (we venture to repeat) when it utilises what advantage may be gained by uniformity, without servility, of arrangement, and when it quits the hackneyed area of plays, thrice edited in every school generation, and interprets for us the unexplored mysteries of "Antony and Cleopatra," "Troilus and Cressida," "Measure for Measure," and "All's Well."

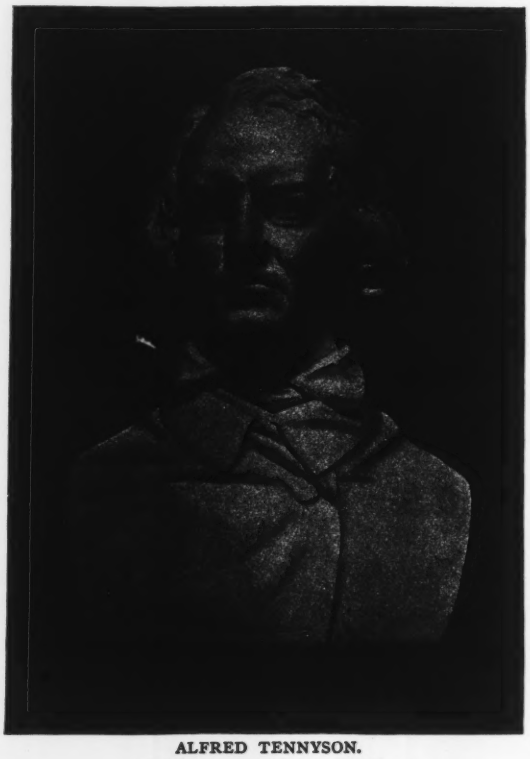
THOMAS SECCOMBE.

JUSTIN McCARTHY'S "IF I WERE KING."

To every one who has ever considered the writing of an original play or the dramatisation of a popular novel, this book should convey an excellent lesson. Here you will find the atmosphere of the real romance, which is not the romance of the historical novel of the last few years, an artificial romance laboriously constructed along the conventional lines of sword chopping, trap doors, and verbal anachronisms, but something which is of itself elusive and fantastic and charming, and which stirs the mind and calls back the memory of half-forgotten dreams.

An accomplished playwright wrote a play that was in itself almost brilliant. This play has been done into a book. In making the transformation, Justin McCarthy was wise in his realisation of his limitations as a novelist; he brought in as little extraneous matter as possible, contenting himself simply with running the lines and action of the play into a certain narrative form. The result was curious, but successful. Take up the volume and you are not reading a book; you are mentally seeing the play itself. The plot grows out of a merry prank of King Louis XI. That monarch here is made in the image of the Louis of Scott's "Quentin Durward," a figure which historians tell us was in every way unlike the real king, but one which in its shrewdness, its sardonic humour, will long outlive the real personage of history. At the opening of the tale France lies almost prostrate before her foes. Paris is beleaguered by the

* "If I were King." By Justin Huntly McCarthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

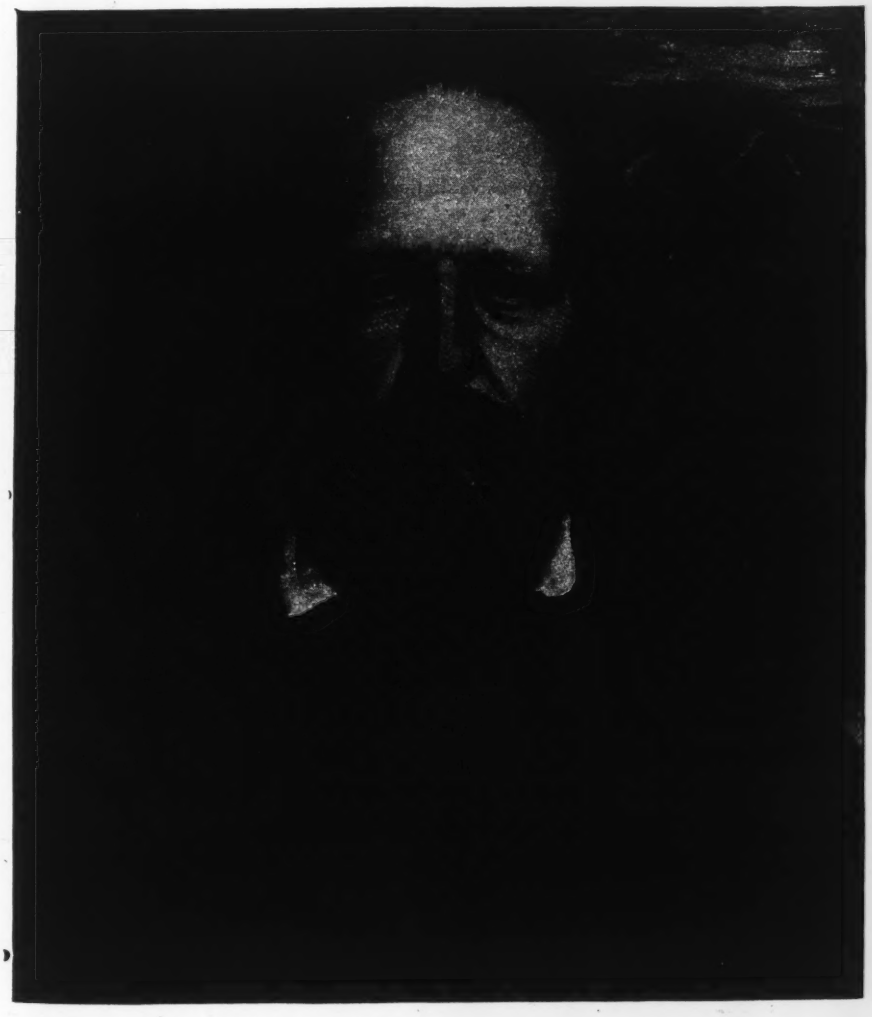


ALFRED TENNYSON.

In the National Portrait Gallery.

A marble bust, copied by Miss Grant from the original, sculptured from life in 1857 by Thomas Woolner, R.A.

Rischgitz Collection.



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1881).

From the painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

"While most faces gain by the artistic halo which a painter of genius always sheds over his work, there are some few, some very few faces that do not, and of these Lord Tennyson's is the most notable that I have ever seen among men of great renown."—Theodore Watts-Dunton, in the *Magazine of Art.*

Rischgitz Collection.

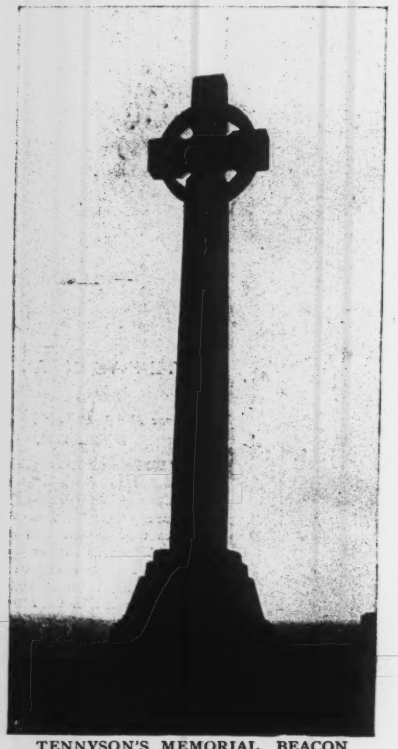
Burgundians. The king is endeavouring to meet force by craft, and, as is supposed to have been his habit, spending his nights roaming in disguise about the streets of Paris in order to learn the real sentiments of his subjects. One of these excursions takes him to the Fircone Tavern, where François Villon and his brawling, thieving associates are revelling. Careless of the presence of the apparent burgess and his companion in the corner, the ruffianly crew fling their gibes at the king, deplore the sorrows of the realm, and tell of the great things that would happen if a man—"if Villon were the King of France." It is at this moment that there is born in King Louis's mind the weird idea of giving to the unkempt poet the powers of a king for the space of a week, and then hanging him, and out of this resolve grow the complications of the play. On the stage, "If I were King" has won a well-deserved triumph; as a story it is at least a success.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S LAST YEARS.*

Lovers of rare literature may offer to Mr. de Mattos their congratulations on his achievement now assured, and to themselves as at a feast of many courses. Allowing that here and there a Gallicism has tripped the translator—pardonable enough when we think how fascinating and picturesque was this long monologue from the lips of genius—we feel that something like a great biography is added to our English treasures. And it is well, for the islander as a rule reads no French except school-books. Now let him study Chateaubriand a little. Excellent heavy John Bull! He will stare and gasp at the rhetorician who scatters golden words as if they were bronze halfpence; the megalomaniac will first amuse and then disgust him; towards René he will conjure up the suspicion, hatred, and admiring pity that he once entertained for René's disciple, Byron. But he will end by yielding to the charm. Passion will flame through the rhetoric which he professes not to like; a strange and tragic atmosphere will glorify the parade which, in Chateaubriand, is but Cæsar's mantle wrapped round the falling Monarchy. "After all," he will say to himself, "these are what they bear on their title, Memoirs from beyond the Tomb." And he will be right, the heavy excellent John! To speak in the "Gradus ad Parnassum" style that French boys take away from school, Chateaubriand was the Cassandra of the Bourbons, who wept and died with the royalty of Louis Quatorze.

Just upon seven hundred pages to eighteen years of a failing life may appear extravagant. Compression, excision, would have been advisable, especially when the tourist anticipates Baedeker at Rome, Prague, Venice. René had the trick of quoting names a little too much. But he knew more about them than did Victor Hugo, his double in the art of self-worship and poetic roll-calls addressed to the ear rather than the mind. We would not sacrifice a sentence of the Tacitean narrative in which he paints poor old shrunken Charles V. and his phantom Court at the Hradschin, with little Henry Comte de Chambord and his sister—figures in a fairy tale, the doom already visible above their heads—and the foolish Dauphin, and M. de Blacas with his wooden smile,

* "The Memoirs of F. R. Vicomte de Chateaubriand." Translated by A. Texeira de Mattos. Vols. V.—VI. 90s. the set. (Freemantle and Co.)



TENNYSON'S MEMORIAL, BEACON HILL, FRESHWATER.
Tennyson died on Thursday, Oct. 6th, 1892, and was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, next to Robert Browning.
From a photograph by Messrs. F. Frith and Co., Reigate.

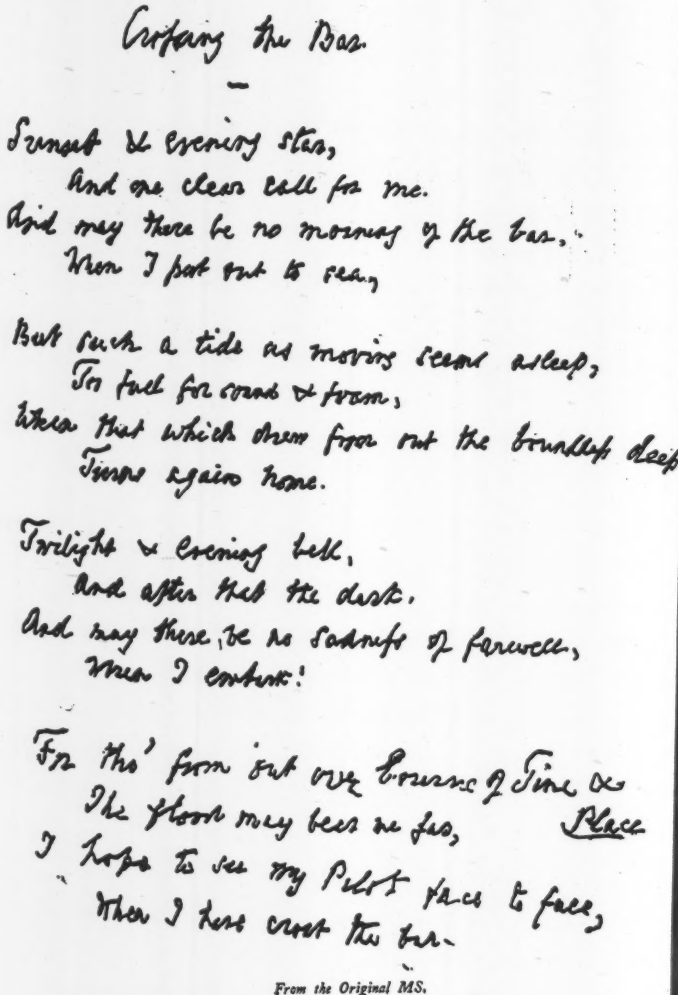
and the silly intrigues smeared over with gilded titles, as if Prague had been Versailles. Never did Chateaubriand write better. He is the prophet of Legitimacy who scorns his idol and shakes it into sawdust, real tears wetting his cheeks the while, and a great rage in his heart. He despised the Bourbons, yet his devotion to the little boy-king on his pony, to the lad that was Henry V. *in partibus*, and had only the transient glamour of youth, is touching; it is even noble, worthy of the Breton who makes of his flag a winding-sheet as the battle sweeps over him. No such tender, scathing dirge was ever chanted for the Stuarts, not even by Walter Scott. It may well have been haunting Daudet's memory when he wrote his "Kings in Exile." But Chateaubriand is finer.

There can be no doubt that his eyes were open, as an Old Testament seer's, to Nature with its miracles and Humanity with its burden. He saw, therefore he spoke; therefore in his most musical prose he sang. His heart was divided, even at high moments it was torn to bleeding, between the chivalrous ancient order now so dishonoured and the rough democracy of which he had marked in America the coming on. He hated the middle class, the *juste milieu*, M. Thiers, and Louis Philippe. He saw beyond institutions to a world quite unlike the present. He believed in religion, though his practice had been wayward and his vanity caused him to slip in miry paths. He was at all times his own hero, somewhat ludicrously during the intervals when no heroic enterprise came to tempt him. He posed like a Beau Brummel in diplomacy, in love, in war. On more than one page he is not far from the absurd. Yet he recovers himself, for he can see and feel; he is always at heart the wandering exile who has been lost in American woods, or has sat on the ruins of Carthage; and his imagination is ever going back to the Roman Campagna, in whose dust he traces the epitaph of empires. That mood will by some be smiled at as the Romanticism of a nineteenth-century Ossian, old-fashioned and obsolete now. But there was something in its gloom and splendour suited to the last of the Legitimists. We cannot return to it; we should certainly be the poorer could we forget it. And even those that are slightly read in French may, in these volumes, thanks to Mr. de Mattos, hear the Celtic bard as he chants to the grey stones and by the lonely sea the lament of his kings.

Novel Notes.

THE SHEEP STEALERS. By Violet Jacob. 6s. (Heinemann.)

At the end of this uncommonly well-written story, conceived by a writer of sympathy and imagination, we wonder why we are not more deeply impressed, for there is impressive matter in the book. Two or three reasons occur to us; and we suggest the most probable. It is a story of fate, or rather of retribution, dogging the steps of Rhys Walters, who has sinned. The end is grim and almost grand tragedy, which misses effect, we think, because the man who is worsted is not a figure for tragedy. The writer never allows us to think of him, in spite of his resolution and his physical strength, as anything save a trivial thin-natured creature. At the end it is proved he can love, but this comes on us with surprise, and against our convictions. The dramatic possibilities of the story, too, are missed, since the good-natured Harry is never made to realise the rival he has had in the outcast Rhys, and since neither Rhys the outcast nor Harry the respectable is ever brought face to face with the nature of the woman they both waste good love on. So far we are unsatisfied; but the book has much in it that rouses our admiration. With the wild Welsh border for background, the Rebecca riots for chief episode, and a group of characters, not all necessary, perhaps, to the story, and a little too wordily explained, but not one of whom is a puppet, the book claims our interest and holds our attention to the last page. Our disappointment at the end is but a form of testimony to the worth of other portions which roused our expectations.


Crossing the Bar.

Sunset & evening star,
And one clear call for me.
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound & foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight & evening bell,
And after that the dark.
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark:

For tho' from out our bourne of Time &
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.

From the Original MS.

A PORTION OF TENNYSON'S MANUSCRIPT, "CROSSING THE BAR."
(Reproduced from "Tennyson: A Memoir," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

THE KING'S FAREWELL.

From a drawing by Gustave Doré.

"Prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovelled with her face against the floor:
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King.

. . . . .

"And when she grovelled at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest."

—"Guinevere."

(Reproduced from the "Illustrations to Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,'" by kind permission of Messrs Ward, Lock and Co.)

MISS QUILLET. By S. Baring Gould. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Miss Quillet of the first chapter is not the Miss Quillet of the last. Mr. Baring Gould would acknowledge this, but would say that repentance worked the change. He could hardly convince us, however, that the heartless, vulgar girl who caused the loss of Mr. Marmaduke's eyesight turns into the intelligent and devoted wife of the same person. The fault is in the beginning, where the writer has conceived her as downright bad rather than merely weak and frivolous. But let us take the story for what it is, not a work of art, but an appeal to modern girls to stop at home and do their duties there unless they have a clear call into the outside world.

IN SUMMER SHADE. By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (John Long.)

We have learned to expect something pungent and stimulating in each of Mrs. Mann's books, and there can be no disappointment here. Though we have met another girl like her heroine Mary in her pages before, we don't complain. The proud, energetic, unselfish creature, struggling with adverse circumstances, made on one side better, on the other worse, by poverty, is attractive enough to be welcome in many guises. The picture of the out-at-elbows Burner household is masterly; and the separate portraits of the rector, and his stately brother Claude, are also excellent. One grievance we have. Granted her material, the story could by no possibility have been at once sincerely and uniformly agreeable; but the unluck that dogs poor Bob Burton is too consistent. We have the conviction that he was only killed in the end by the author, that her favourite, Mary, who, with all her sterling qualities, dearly loved fair externals, might make a more brilliant marriage with ease of conscience.

THE COURTSHIP OF SARAH By Sarah Tytler. 6s. (John Long.)

One almost hesitates to call this a realistic story for fear of being misunderstood—the word has been whittled down to such a narrowness of meaning; but "The Courtship of Sarah" is really written with much of the quiet, photographic realism that characterises the novels of Jane Austen. The Rev. David Pryde is a chemist and Nonconformist minister at Dunford, and this is the story of himself and his wife and family of three daughters and a son. Jonathan's delicate health and studiousness, the straw-plaiting of the girls, the humdrum, placid lives of all these people and those with whom they come in contact are reproduced with a fidelity and imaginative insight that grip the reader and interest him more than any mere ingenuity of plot could have done. Jonathan's infatuation for the worldly, fascinating widow, some years his senior, is a half-amusing, half-pathetic episode that is very cleverly handled; and the whole history of the courtship of Sarah herself is as well described as it is ima-

gined. Within its limits this is a real book, and an uncommonly good one.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA. By Bram Stoker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is one of those weirdly sensational stories that no living author writes better than Mr. Bram Stoker. The hero, Archibald Hunter, is gifted with second sight, and is therefore haunted by an uncanny, melodramatic old crone, named Gormala, who is imperfectly endowed with similar powers, and wants him to league with her in attempting to fathom certain mysteries of the unseen. The whole world of the story revolves in its own ghostly atmosphere; wraiths move across it, and spectral processions of drowned men;

IN MEMORIAM.

From a drawing by A. Garth Jones.

"To-night the winds began to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day:
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies."

(Reproduced from the Caxton Series Edition of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

there are mysterious documents containing a more mysterious cypher, from which Archibald learns of a buried treasure belonging to one of the Popes in the days of the Spanish Armada, and sunk now in some blind sea cavern; and the search for this treasure is followed by the appearance of the last descendant of the ancient Spanish family to whom it had been entrusted. Through all this mystery and peril, through much that is ghostly and ghastly and full of horror, the love-story of Archibald and sweet American Marjorie develops into one of the most charming of idylls. Altogether a thrilling and absorbing romance, ingeniously constructed and exceedingly well written.

A ROMAN MYSTERY. By Richard Bagot. 6s. (Methuen.)

The plot of "A Roman Mystery" is of the slightest. A wealthy and lovely English widow marries Prince Brancaleone, an Italian noble, and, staying at her husband's ancestral castle, hears one night terrifying howls that are partly wolfish, partly human, and, her curiosity being aroused, she presently stumbles upon an awful mystery, of which her husband is in ignorance, and which, if it were generally known, would deprive him of his title. His mother and two staunch retainers know of this mystery, and, assured that the Prince is ignorant, she rightly concludes she is justified in leaving him so. By an accident another discovers the secret, and reveals it to a Cardinal, who thinks of using it for purposes of his own; but the disclosure is averted by an unlooked for disaster, and the end is not unhappy. The book could have been condensed with advantage; it is written in a style that for the most part is quite lacking in individuality, yet is unimpeachable; it is very capably contrived, however, and the pictures of secular and clerical life in Rome show marked descriptive ability.

A LIFE AT STAKE. By Percy Andreae. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Andreae has a real talent for the superior sensational story. Something is lacking in this one that we remember in "Stanhope of Chester"—an indescribable distinction and originality very rare in books of the kind; but the earlier tale should not stand in the way of appreciation of the later—more ordinary, perhaps, but not less vigorous. A reader is, or should be, always grateful for a mystery he cannot all fathom even by his subtlest guessing; and though before the soul-doctor, Mr. Lauder Caine, a kind of sublimer Sherlock Holmes, is called in, he may have gone some way to a solution of why the life of the cheery, athletic, boyish Clive Cunninghame is continually menaced, there will be gaps in his knowledge which will keep his attention fixed till the end.

A PRINCESS OF THE HILLS. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. 6s. (Methuen.)

To say that Fiore, the princess of the hills, is rather an incomprehensible person is, perhaps, to say nothing more than that she is a thorough woman. She is a peasant girl, but her far-off ancestry was noble, though her mother is reduced to keeping a small inn among Italian hills. Most men meeting Fiore are fascinated by her great beauty; she loves only the dissipated, handsome soldier, Bastian, seems willing to marry either of two others, and engages herself to marry the rampant, miserly old Niccolo, although she detests him. An English nobleman would have married her, and she was ready to marry him, but he has to leave her for awhile and delays his return too long; she is so near marrying a wealthy American, whom the jealous Niccolo had nearly murdered, that they are standing at the altar together before she changes her mind. It is a clever and entertaining story, and is well illustrated by Mr. Orson Lowell.

WASTED FIRES. By Hume Nisbet. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Australian scenes and episodes in "Wasted Fires" are described with no little vividness and power, but that large part of the story that passes in England (especially in Metaltown) is a mingling of nightmares and happy dreams, and as unreal as these. Dick Davelock, a clever artist and literary man, after much ill-luck, obtains a commission from a big publishing firm to travel through Australia, writing of the country and drawing illustrations for his work. The publishers play him false for no sufficient reason—for no reason at all, seeing that they have to pay all he is entitled to receive under his contract,—publish his sketches with other men's names to them, and rob him of nearly all the credit of his arduous labours. He sinks for a time, struggles desperately, triumphs, and is amply avenged on the art editor, Moloch (whose name, like the names of some of the other characters, crudely describes his disposition). The sufferings of the good here are heartrending, the bad are wicked from very inadequate motives; the writing is occasionally slipshod and occasionally tedious, but the book is in the main interesting, nevertheless.

AN INDUSTRIOUS CHEVALIER. By S. Squire Sprigge. 6s. (Chatto.)

What Sherlock Holmes is among detectives, Mr. Squire Sprigge's hero is among thieves. He is something new in criminals, and takes an artistic pleasure in his profession. His swindles are always inspirations of the moment, and never deliberate schemes, and the world at large seems to conspire to give him tempting opportunities. He relies on his in-

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tuitive knowledge of men and what they would do in certain contingencies, and it rarely or never misleads him. Appropriating from the attendant at a Turkish Bath the property of another bather; getting a contribution to a bogus fund out of a bookie at a Football Final; committing an unblushing forgery, and successfully pouching two thousand pounds belonging to a firm of solicitors who are known as "the terror of evil-doers"; palming off on a connoisseur a tombstone angel, well packed up and screwed down, in place of "an immodest antique," and obtaining the hundred pounds in cash, having previously wired to the dealer postponing the delivery of the real article—all comes equally profitable and easy to Mr. Sprigge's irresponsible hero. Whether his exploits would be practicable in real life is a very large question; but they are cunningly imagined, and related with a complacent and sinful humour that makes most enjoyable reading.

RASH CONCLUSIONS. By G. W. Appleton. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

This is frankly a "shocker" of the most pronounced type. Except for a terribly wicked little widow, and a detective who belongs to the family of the amiable and immortal Mr. Bucket, the characters are perhaps little more than parts of the machinery of the plot; the story's the thing, and a capital story Mr. Appleton makes of it. Philip Doyle, the artist, arrives home to find his wife absent, and a note waiting to inform him that she is gone on a visit to her mother at Harrow, and will be back for dinner. Doyle strolls round through a dense fog to pass the interval at his friend Frank Dixon's studio, and Dixon, who is just running out to keep an appointment, leaves him there alone for a few minutes. Presently Doyle is surprised to notice a lady's foot protruding from behind a screen at the end of the room; the foot remains motionless, but while he watches a thin red stream trickles from under the screen. Alarmed at this he looks behind it, and there is his wife lying dead in a chair. From this point the story goes at a run unflaggingly to the end. The detective's reconstruction of the murder scene at the conclusion, when the criminal goes mad and caps the detective's statements by re-enacting the crime, is a thought too unreal to be effective, but you can forgive this one flaw in an otherwise ingenious and engrossing story.

THE EVESHAMS. By Edmund White (James Blythe Patton). 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The story opens with a tavern quarrel in the year 1758; the quarrel itself is trivial enough and seems to be done with at the end of the first chapter, but its effects are felt right through to the end of the last. In the beginning Austin, Lord Falmouth, is estranged from his wife, Barbara, by reason of her having been affected by the teachings of Whitefield, and become something of a religious fanatic. Two years before the story opens, he had met Letitia Freake, a young widow, and their acquaintance rapidly ripened into love. He told her honestly how he was placed, his wife practically separated from him for ever, he loving her and she loving him no longer, and Letitia, convincing herself that she is not, therefore, wronging the other woman or committing sin in the sight of God, they are now living together as man and wife. Later, however, Barbara's physical health improves; she recovers from her soul-sickness, begins to live again for this world as well as the next, and her love for her husband revives. They meet from time to time; he is not won back easily, but by degrees his early love of her returns, and they are reunited. Then, the Colonel he had wounded in the tavern brawl arrives; Austin brings him to stay at his country house while he recovers from his injury, generously blaming himself for the quarrel, and anxious to make amends. The Colonel, half-maliciously, half-jestingly, tells Austin's secret to Barbara's friend Mrs. Derian. It is not long thereafter before Barbara knows the truth, and her high womanly instincts and ideals drive her to fly from Austin's house and refuse to return until once for all he has abandoned the other woman. This, from both love and pity, he will not do. Hoping to cut the Gordian knot, Austin's friend Lawrence goes to Letitia and tells her all, and she, since he loves again the woman he had married, and she herself is as pure hearted as Barbara, feels she can no longer live with him as his wife, and flies into hiding. When Barbara hears of this, she is full of compassion for the other, recognising that she is "a good, pure-hearted woman," and will not resolve upon her own course till she has seen her. It is a powerfully dramatic situation, and there seems and is no way out of it without sorrow. Mr. White has handled his subject with admirable delicacy and restraint, and the result is a novel of no common merit and interest.

The Bookman's Table.

WORLD PICTURES. By Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. 20s. (A. and C. Black.)

The large, inclusive title of this book is justified when the pages are turned, for here, in sumptuous style, a fair portion of the globe is pictured generously, and pictured in such a manner that it seems almost a new world to an expectant critic. Here are certainly pictures of Great Britain and India, France and Cashmere, Sicily and Japan, Brittany and Burmah, Palestine and China, Holland, Mexico, Egypt—Egypt, which almost drove the artist to despair by its colouring, and revolutionised his ideas of work—and many another country of kindred and contrasting beauties; but here are the beauties which do not creep into a guide book, and are never to be seen reproduced at the photographer's. Typical pictures and sketches, undoubtedly; groups, views, effects seen with the eye and reproduced by the hand of a genuine artist; but, as a rule, groups, views, effects caught at the moment, then gone, or unknown to the tourist, or, again, too well known to be noted as a "picture." In all, there are five hundred illustrations, fifty full-page in colour, fifty full-page in black and white, and four hundred in outline, a style of work in which we had not hitherto seen Mr. Menpes. Variety, exquisite detail, and admirable reproduction set this book apart as one of the most beautiful art-books and most finished examples of colour printing we have seen. The world, indeed, is here between covers, and the volume itself is a pleasure and an education.

MY AUSTRALIAN GIRLHOOD. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. Illustrated. 16s. (Fisher Unwin.)

From a volume of this kind more, perhaps, than by books of serious history and travel, is gained the real, intimate impression of another country. Both the youth of Australia, its stretches of untouched, untrodden land, and the wonderful, seemingly limitless age of the primeval forests, are brought before the eyes and stamped upon the imagination by Mrs. Praed's pleasant pages of recollections. She makes us feel the intense loneliness of the bush, the awesomeness of the miles upon miles of gum forest, the close-at-hand danger from the blacks, the simple, exciting, pioneering life when each white man lived a whole adventure-book narrative on his own account. Racy talk, many anecdotes, a fascinating unfolding of memory from childhood to girlhood give Mrs. Praed's volume all the attractiveness of a novel combined with all the living interest of autobiography and reminiscence. Not to the traveller, who has gone out to see what it is like, or to the statesman who has studied its history and development, is the land really known; but to the boy and girl who have lived in it as a matter of course, and taken in day after day impressions as naturally as food and drink. Sights, sounds, hardships, pleasures, men and country all become vivid and real in these chapters, and a picture is gained not only of a vastly different life from any we know of in England, but of a life which, even in Australia herself, will soon be unknown, faded, changed, by the inevitable march of time.

THE BOOK OF JUBILEES; OR, THE LITTLE GENESIS. Translated from the Editor's Ethiopic Text, and edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Indices, by R. H. Charles, D.D. 15s. net. (Adam and Charles Black.)

It is nowadays becoming well understood that a perfect knowledge of the New Testament involves acquaintance with the literature by which it was surrounded, and out of which it partly sprang. The twenty-seven small documents which together constitute the "instrument" of our faith are connected at many points with the Jewish literature of the two centuries preceding and the first century subsequent to the Christian era. It is obvious, therefore, that few more important services can be rendered to the student of the New Testament than the production of trustworthy and helpful editions of the books of which that literature consists. In

this service no scholar has been more diligent or faithful than Dr. Charles; and of the books he has edited none is likely to be more serviceable than the *Book of Jubilees*. This book, as the sub-title indicates, is a reproduction of *Genesis*, in which all that might offend is omitted, while the Biblical text is expanded by traditions and predictions. Written towards the close of the second century B.C., it affords opportunity of learning the kind of story that pleased the Jew of that period, and also gives the reader the means of understanding what was taught regarding the Messianic times, the Law, the Angels, and other subjects which enter deeply into primitive Christian teaching. The learned introduction and notes of the editor furnish the reader with all needed aid for the complete understanding and appreciation of the text. The volume is in every respect most desirable, if not even indispensable, for the study of the New Testament.

THE PRISONER IN THE DOCK. By James Greenwood. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

The "Amateur Casual" has made many notable contributions to our knowledge of the seamy side of London life, and with "The Prisoner in the Dock" lays us under a debt of gratitude for yet another. These ten sketches are the essence of a series of articles recently written for the *Daily Telegraph*, and they deal simply, straightforwardly, effectively with the comedies and tragedies, the humour and pathos that darken and brighten the police courts every working day of the week. It is a valuable, sometimes piteous, sometimes amusing, record of life as it is lived in the atmosphere of the police-court, written with unerring craftsmanship and the sympathy that comes of knowledge.

OUTER ISLES. By A. Goodrich Freer. 12s. 6d. net. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

The ordinary Saxon tourist is apt to look upon the Western Isles of Scotland from very much the same point of view as that taken by Dr. Johnson on the occasion of his celebrated tour in the Hebrides. If he be unusually enterprising, or if the sea has no terrors for him, he may prolong his travels to include Staffa and Iona, or even Skye. Of the other islands he takes but little notice. It is doubtful if he even knows they are inhabited; if he does he probably wonders at the strange perversity which leads the Celt to cling to a barren rock. Some of these inaccessible islets have through their very remoteness become vulgarised by swarms of holiday trippers, as witness the fate which has overtaken St. Kilda. Others, such as Eigg, Tiree, Eriskay, and Barra, are rarely if ever profaned by the foot of the Englishman. They form part of the backwater of civilisation, where men still cherish the memory of the Stuart dynasty, and cling with singular obstinacy to the unmelodious speech of their forefathers. The superstitions and the primitive customs of the inhabitants of these islands would alone render a visit to them interesting, and the scenery is unique in its solemn gloom and grandeur. Miss Freer's book, which is of considerable literary merit, and is, moreover, a veritable treasure-house of curious folk-lore, is to be welcomed as tending to bring the modern work-a-day world into closer contact with the dwellers on its outer fringes. We should, however, respectfully venture to differ from the gifted authoress on one point; even a Celt may be a Presbyterian and wear trousers without sacrificing all his best and most amiable qualities.

RICH AND POOR IN THE NEW TESTAMENT: A Study of the Primitive Christian Doctrine of Earthly Possessions. By Orello Cone, D.D. (Adam and Charles Black.)

Dr. Cone occupies, as a critic, an independent position. Too unfettered to be classed as a conservative, too scholarly and exact to be led away by the extravagancies of the ultra-liberal, he has won for himself the right to be heard on any subject connected with the study of the New Testament. Hitherto he has not been associated, at least in the mind of his British readers, with social questions, but the present volume shows that, to say the least, he has sufficient interest in them to lend reality to his treatment of the relevant passages. The key to his treatment of the sayings of our Lord and His apostles on the relation of "Rich and Poor," is his perception that while the letter of these utterances may be inapplicable to present conditions, the spirit which underlies them has permanent value and authority. This position is especially useful in view of the wooden literalism of Tolstoi and others. No doubt the door is thus thrown open to subjectivity, but even if this is undesirable, it is certainly the less of two evils. And in regard to Dr. Cone's application of his principle, the complaint is likely to be that he is not free enough from the letter rather than that he is too free. In any case he will be recognised as an unbiassed and competent investigator, and though few may find that they can accept all he says, no one will read his volume listlessly, or will deny that it sheds considerable light on a perplexing and important subject.

SEEN IN GERMANY. By Ray Stannard Baker. 5s. (Harper Brothers.)

Anyone who wishes to obtain a brief but comprehensive view of the scientific methods which have brought German industries so rapidly to the fore during the last twenty years, will be well repaid by a perusal of this most interesting little volume. The author, a young American, has made good use both of his eyes and of his ears during his residence in Germany, and his book might well have been named "Seen and Heard in Germany." The contents include interesting sketches of the Kaiser, and of Professor Haeckel, of Jena, the greatest living disciple of Darwin. The most remarkable chapters are those which deal with the world-renowned Technical Institute at Charlottenburg, with the Vulcan Shipbuilding yard at Stettin, and with the Zeiss lens factory at Jena. In connection with the last of these enterprises there exists an unique profit-sharing scheme, devised by Professor Abbé, the present owner of the factory, the great feature of which is that no one connected with the business, not even Professor Abbé himself, receives any of the private profits of ownership; but only a salary with a pension on retirement. Out of the surplus large sums are set apart to charitable uses, also for the purpose of promoting the study of science in the University of Jena, and providing evening continuation classes for the workmen. The sensational portion of the volume is to be found in the chapter describing a German student duel in all its revolting details. Mr. Baker possesses an unusual power of making statistics interesting to the general reader, and his exposition of the methods by which the German government promotes the scientific progress of German industry and commerce should be marked and taken to heart by the English reader.

THE STORY OF THE MORMONS. By William Alexander Linn. 17s. net. (The Macmillan Company.)

Of all the religious movements of the nineteenth century few can vie in importance or romantic interest with the rise of the Mormon Church. Based on a system of fraud and falsehood, almost childish in its conception and grossness,

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

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COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

OCTOBER, 1902.

the new religion promulgated by Joseph Smith, a vagabond fortune-teller, spread so rapidly and so effectively throughout the English-speaking world that shrewd contemporary observers in the United States predicted for it a future no less dazzling than that of Mohammedanism. Even to-day the membership of the Mormon Church falls but little short of half a million. The volume under review should strike a severe blow at the future of this, perhaps the most preposterous creed of modern time, though, as recent events have shown, there is no lack of credulous believers to welcome a false prophet, provided he be sufficiently audacious. Mr. Linn's careful study of his subject has enabled him to show that behind Joseph Smith there lurked a more intellectual and creative mind—that of his disciple, Sidney Rigdon, who supplied the modest quantum of scholarship and literary skill which was required to give a vulgar imposture sufficient gloss to pass muster with the prophet's ignorant dupes. The object he has kept in view throughout has been to avoid religious and moral deductions, and to confine himself to the bare facts as they are to be found in Mormon sources themselves. The result has been the production of a work, remarkable for painstaking research and for critical acumen, which can be confidently recommended to all those who are anxious to possess in a comprehensive form the history of one of the most colossal frauds of modern times.

HISTORY OF THE COMMUNE OF 1871. From the French of Lissagaray. 8s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Lissagaray's history is interesting reading, though it is written entirely from the Communist point of view, and is disfigured by its strong revolutionary bias. The murder of the Archbishop of Paris and his fellow hostages is briefly dismissed in a few lines, with the comment that it is an instance of the "blind justice of revolutions," "which punishes in the first comers the accumulated crimes of their caste." The massacre of the Dominicans of Arcueil is naïvely explained by the assertion that their communist assassins were so exasperated at the sight of these men, "doubly odious" to them, that their rifles, "so to say, spontaneously went off." On the other hand, every single instance of Versaillist brutality—and it must be admitted there were many—is expatiated on to such an extent that the reader, finding himself lost in a labyrinth of exaggeration, begins to doubt the accuracy and credibility of the historian. The work of translation has been conscientiously and carefully executed, though from the point of view of the stylist it leaves much to be desired. The vivacious and unconventional language of the French author, when hammered out into more sober and decorous English prose by the aid of a dictionary, not only loses all its effect, but is apt to verge on the ridiculous. Pedantic adherence to the litera scripta of the French original results in such renderings as "Square du Temple" and "the easy classes," which are certain to jar on some—perhaps hypercritical—readers. These blemishes in an otherwise excellent piece of work are to be regretted.

The New Books of the Month.

AUGUST 15TH TO SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1902.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHARLES, R. H., D.D.—The Book of Jubilees; or, The Little Genesis, 15s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)

CONE, ORELLO, D.D.—Rich and Poor in the New Testament, 6s. ..... (A. and C. Black)

Expository Times, The; Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., Vol. XIII., 7s. 6d. ..... (T. and T. Clark)

HAY-NEWTON, MRS. F.—Readings on the Evolution of Religion, 5s. ..... (Blackwood)

MACKAY, KENNETH ALEXANDER, B.D.—The Never-Changing Creed, 2s. 6d. ..... (Arthur H. Stockwell)

A collection of sermons which combine simplicity of language and style with beauty of thought and a knowledge of common needs.

TALLING, REV. MARSHALL P., Ph.D.—Extempore Prayer. (James Robinson, Manchester)

A treatise on the study desirable for the construction of free prayer seems almost a contradiction; but the present volume will doubtless be found useful as a preparation for prayer, guiding thought and explaining the principles of devotion.

WINNINGTON-INGRAM, ARTHUR F., D.D.—Joy after Heaviness. Coronation Sermon. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner)

NEW EDITIONS.

DAVIDSON, REV. J. P. F.—Instructions on the Holy Communion, 1s. 6d. net ..... (Wells Gardner)

FICTION.

ADE, GEORGE.—More Fables in Slang, 2s. 6d. net ...(Pearson)

ALLEN, ALLAN.—Nemesis; or, Visions of a Night, 1s. (A. H. Stockwell)

ANSTEY, F.—A Bayard from Bengal. Illustrated, 3s. 6d. (Methuen)

BARING-GOULD, S.—Nebo the Nailer, 6s. ..... (Cassell)

BARLOW, JANE.—The Founding of Fortunes, 6s. ... (Methuen)

BARLOW, J. SWINDELLS.—A Mighty Empire, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

BARR, ROBERT.—A Prince of Good Fellows, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

BAXENDALE, A. S.—The Ball, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Heinemann)

One of a series called "Novelettes de Luxe." We wonder why. We can see no luxury; cannot even derive common comfort from this curious but not very interesting mixture of slang and moral sentiment.

BECKE, LOUIS.—The Strange Adventures of James Shervinton, 6s. ..... (Unwin)

Stories and sketches of South Sea adventure. They are quite up to the average of Mr. Becke's work—that is, they are accurate transcripts of life and leaves out of notebooks, with which the fiction-writer has meddled little, for good or ill. The most interesting thing in the book is the account of the notorious "Bully" Hayes, whom the writer knew intimately. His impression of him is not the traditional one.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Anna of the Five Towns, 6s ... (Chatto)

In quieter, more sober vein than some of Mr. Bennett's former writings, "Anna of the Five Towns" is a stirring, realistic story. It is set in the midst of a clay-manufacturing district, where Wesleyan Methodism and daily toil are the main interests of life. Anna is the daughter of a miser, a shabbily dressed, high-souled girl; and with her fate, or circumstance, plays some unusual and cruel tricks. The book is good, clever, and boldly written, with an unexpected pathos which is very genuine.

BERNSTEIN, HERMAN.—The Gates of Israel, $1.50. (Taylor, New York)

Betty's Husband, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)

BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—The Concession-Hunters, 6s. (Chatto)

BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, J.—The Fate of Valsec, 6s. (Methuen)

BOOTHBY, GUY.—The Kidnapped President, 5s. ...(Ward, Lock)

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